The Nation

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Summary of the News

Warned by previous experience, the State Department is prudently cautious about announcing a diplomatic triumph in the submarine controversy with the Central Powers, but the news of the past week makes it possible to hope that, quite literally, a *modus vivendi* for non-combatants on the high seas may at last have been arranged. After a conference with Count Bernstorff at the State Department on January 7, Secretary Lansing issued a statement comprising the text of written guarantees from the German Government concerning submarine warfare, particularly in the Mediterranean. Under these terms submarines are permitted to destroy enemy merchant vessels (including both passenger and freight ships) "only after the passengers and crew have been accorded safety"; destruction of enemy merchant ships is made the subject of regular prize court proceedings, and the results of these inquiries, so far as American interests are concerned, will be communicated to the American Government—this provision extending to the case of the Persia "if the circumstances should call for it"; punishment of submarine commanders for violation of these conditions is promised and also reparation for injuries sustained by American citizens.

The debatable point as to what constitutes safety for passengers and crew was cleared up by the publication, in Sunday's papers, of the last German note on the question of the William P. Frye, which was dated November 29, but publication of which had been withheld pending the assent of the German Government. According to this note, the German Government "quite shares the views of the American Government that all possible care must be taken for the security of the crew and passengers of a vessel to be sunk. Consequently, the persons found on board of a vessel may not be ordered into her lifeboats except when the general conditions, that is to say, the weather, the condition of the sea, and the neighborhood of the coasts, afford absolute certainty that the boats will reach the nearest port." In addition to this concession to the claims of humanity, the German Government expresses its willingness that the damages to be paid in the case of the Frye shall be determined by consultation between two experts, American and German, and that the differences of opinion in regard to the interpretation of treaties involved shall be submitted to arbitration.

Obviously the written guarantee presented by Count Bernstorff, together with the Frye note and Austria's last Ancona note, constitutes, so far as Germany and Austria are concerned, a full acceptance of the principles in the conduct of submarine warfare for which the American Government has contended, and the hope is expressed in Washington that the future practice of the Central Powers will be in harmony with their theoretic acceptance of those principles. There remain for settlement only the cases of the Persia and the Lusitania. The former, especially in view of its inclusion in the German statement of guarantees, is likely to be dropped, as was the case of the Hesperian, on account of the lack of definite evidence that the ship was actually sunk by a torpedo. The actual loss of life on the Persia, we may note here, is officially given as 336, of whom 119 were passengers. Of the Lusitania case a complete settlement is expected in a few days. Reports from Washington state that a tentative agreement has been reached between Count Bernstorff and Secretary Lansing and has been submitted by the former to his Government. A question of phraseology, it is stated, alone remained in the way of a full settlement, and it is understood that the American Government has waived its demand for a flat disavowal of the act.

On January 8 it was announced that a protest, under date of January 4, had been lodged with England against the seizure and censorship of American mails in transit between neutral ports. We referred last week to the English contentions in this matter.

On January 4 the text of the correspondence between Sir Edward Grey and Ambassador Page in regard to the case of the Baralong was presented to the House of Commons.

The question of the right of merchant vessels to carry guns for self-defence was raised again by the arrival at New York, on January 6, of the Italian liner Verdi, with two 3-inch guns mounted on her after deck. The attention of the State Department was informally called to the incident by Baron Zwiedinek and the matter has been taken up with the Italian Government.

The shadow of the Presidential election lengthens daily. We comment elsewhere on the definite information that Mr. Wilson will be a candidate for renomination. For the Republican nomination the name of Justice Hughes continues to be freely mentioned. Despite the announcement last week that Col. Roosevelt would not appear as a candidate in the primary elections in any of the States and forbade the use of his name, that name, according to accounts of this week's gathering of the Progressive clans in Chicago, is almost the only one that is heard.

Dispatches from Washington on Monday, stating that the President had virtually decided on the appointment of Joseph Johnson to succeed Mr. Morgan as Postmaster of New York city, may presumably be accepted as accurate. In that case the corollary of the appointment must also be accepted, namely, that President Wilson, however much he may have disliked Tammany in the past, is making a strong bid for the support of Tammany next November. Incidentally, Mr. Wilson, in making such an appointment, deals to civil service reform a more severe blow than it has ever received from an avowed enemy.

After having been out for fifty hours, the jury in the case against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, in the Federal District Court of New York, on Sunday returned a verdict acquitting six of the eleven ex-directors on trial and disagreeing in the case of five.

In the Balkans little of importance has occurred. The arrest last week of German, Austrian, and Turkish Consuls at Mytilene has, according to a Reuter dispatch on Monday, been made the subject of another protest from Greece. Of the Italian expedition in Albania little has been heard except that, according to a news dispatch of January 6, Italy has given undertakings to Greece that her forces shall not advance beyond the boundaries of Northern Epirus.

The crisis in England over the question of compulsory military service for unmarried men between the ages of eighteen and forty-one has become considerably less acute since Mr. Asquith introduced the bill on January 5, obtaining for it on the following day, on the first reading, a vote of 403 to 105. The debate in the House of Commons followed a session of the Labor Congress at which the principle of compulsion had been condemned by an overwhelming vote. It was announced that three Labor members, including Arthur Henderson, President of the Board of Education, would withdraw from the Ministry as a result of the vote in the Labor Congress, although they personally were in favor of the bill. As we write, their resignations have not been definitely announced, and it is obvious that efforts are being made to prevent their withdrawal from the coalition. The Labor party in the House of Commons is divided on the question, a majority being opposed to the bill. The Liberal opposition is less than was to be expected. The bill, Mr. Redmond announced on Tuesday, will not be opposed by the Nationalists, Ireland being excluded from the scope of its operation.

Of military events there has been more news than has been the case for several weeks. The Russian offensive in Eastern Galicia has continued with vehemence, Austrian reports recording some of the bloodiest battles of the war. The main Russian attack is apparently directed against Sadagora, north of the Bukowina capital. The evacuation by the Allied troops of the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula was announced on Monday. The difficult operation was carried out with only a single casualty, and, according to the British official statement, no stores or guns of any value were abandoned. News of this operation followed closely on the publication, on January 7, of Sir Ian Hamilton's report of the disastrous landing last August at Suvla Bay. On the western front, late last week, an offensive of considerable proportions was undertaken by the Germans in the Champagne region along a five-mile front. A partial success was attained to the north of Massiges, but according to the French official report of Monday, the offensive, which it was thought was intended to accomplish considerable results, has been definitely checked. In Mesopotamia severe fighting has taken place. Putting together the contradictory British and Turkish reports, it would appear that a British force of 10,000 men, left to defend Kut-el-Amara, is surrounded and in considerable peril. A relief force under Gen. Aylmer, moving up the Tigris, has, however, inflicted a severe defeat on a large Turkish army at Sheik Saad, twenty-five miles east by northeast of Kut-el-Amara, and is proceeding to the relief of the position.

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The Week

Germany's formal statement, made to our State Department last Friday, goes a long way towards settling our entire controversy with her over submarine warfare. The contentions of the United States Government are accepted almost in their totality. In a word, the German Government now admits, what at first it stiffly denied, that the general rules of war governing cruisers must also govern submarines. They must give warning, they must perform the equivalent of searching and visiting, and they must not sink an unresisting merchant vessel until, as the new German note puts it, "passengers and crew have been accorded safety." Any departure from this practice Germany disavows in advance, even volunteering the promise that she will do so in the case of the Persia, and make full reparation, if it appears that this ship was destroyed by a German submarine. This action does not, in form, look backwards to the Lusitania, but in principle it does. Indeed, it is confidently expected in Washington that the Lusitania case will soon be settled satisfactorily. All that remains, apparently, is to find a form of words in which to do it. Were the matter now to be referred to arbitration, as Germany once suggested, it is plain that she would not have a leg to stand on. After her admissions in the Arabic case, and now in her latest communication to the State Department, there would be nothing left for the arbitral court except to assess damages against Germany.

According to a poll of the Senate taken last week by reporters for a New York newspaper, there is but a small minority of its members who object to the President's policy in maintaining the rights of non-combatants on the high seas. As for the notion put forward by Senators O'Gorman, Gore, and a few others, there is no reason to suppose that it is held by many more than those who gave expression to it. These gentlemen apparently regard the fact that Germany gave warning that she would not respect our rights as sufficient reason for our abstaining from asserting them. The principle that the lives of non-combatants on merchant ships are safe from attack is one of the few firmly established principles of international right; to abandon it would mean to sanction pure terrorism as a substitute for legitimate warfare. Throughout the operations of the Alabama in our Civil War, it never occurred to Admiral Semmes to make the slightest departure from that principle to increase the effectiveness of his great campaign against the commerce of the North, tremendous as were the odds in the face of which the Confederacy was fighting. To yield in this matter at the beginning would have been shameful shirking of duty; to yield now would be, in addition, abject surrender of an honorable position to which our Government has committed itself in the most solemn and uncompromising way.

Gen. Ian Hamilton's official report as to the operations at Suvla Bay is painful reading. It shows that all the old weaknesses of the British army, so glaringly illustrated in the incompetent leadership of the Boer War, still remain to sacrifice the lives of thousands upon thousands of brave men. As many of the troops thus sacrificed were of the new Kitchener army, this story of unsurpassed heroism ought to put an end to the German sneers as to the fighting quality of what they consider raw and untrained troops; it establishes forever that large and efficient troops can be raised in a very short time; alas, it also proves that the valor and sacrifice of such men go for naught if there is incompetent command. Yet the British generals have in the main been men of long experience in warfare, though it is true that they have not had the handling in practice of such large bodies of men as have been assembled during this contest. Gen. Stopford, upon whose shoulders now rests the terrible stigma of the Suvla Bay disaster, failed because he was lacking in the resolute determination to push on, and allowed himself to be persuaded not to do so by his corps commanders. A quality of leadership was lacking in Stopford precisely as it was in McClellan, in Hooker, in Burnside, and in the long list of our own military failures during the Civil War.

It is also a lamentable fact that even after the first failure at Suvla Bay there were times, notably in September last, when by an aggressive forward movement the whole British army could have walked through the Turkish trenches; when their enemies expected to see them in Constantinople any day. But here again the element of determined leadership was lacking. Its absence in critical operations which have resulted in such frightful cost to the British nation makes one wonder whether it will be developed elsewhere before further terrible sacrifices, as in the Boer War, must be made. When veterans of the experience and prestige of Ian Hamilton, French, and others fail, the only hope is that some comparatively unknown soldier may yet be discovered to compare in ability with Joffre, Mackensen, and von Hindenburg.

We get, in President Eliot's detailed statement of his views on national defence, what we find so seldom in the impassioned gospel of preparedness—a clear realization of the object for which we should prepare, and of the necessity of adapting our measures to the specific purpose. President Eliot thinks that the cause of the Allies in the present war is our own cause, but he believes also that a great many people in this country are not convinced of the fact:

> They do not see clearly that the Entente Allies are fighting the battle of freedom for the present and future generations, the battle of the small nations and the battle of progressive civilization. They are therefore in no condition to decide this winter how much of an army they want or what kind of an army.

And the whole tenor of Dr. Eliot's statement is that so long as the American people is uncertain of its sympathies to the point of siding strongly with one side or the other in the war, it would be vain to expect us to abandon a tradition and a policy as old as the nation itself and to prepare in the dark, any way and every way, for anybody and everybody.

President Eliot believes that the peace of the world and the best interests of civilization would be subserved by an alliance of the United States, Great Britain, and France. How many advocates of preparedness are willing to lay down a policy so frankly? President Eliot believes that "war between any of these three is absolutely unthinkable." Believing that, he logically admits that America's defence against invasion takes on a special aspect. Will Germany send her army corps across the Atlantic in defiance of the British and French fleets in addition to our own? Yet here are your champions of national defence demanding within ten years a fleet equal to that of Great Britain. Plainly, that is not enough. If Great Britain is a potential enemy, we must prepare for a joint attack by Great Britain, France, and Germany. Perhaps we shall, after we have brought our navy up to the English navy. This is the declaration of principles we fail to get from the national defenders: Against whom ought we to prepare?

President Wilson's proposal to extend the Monroe Doctrine could not have been made

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at a more favorable moment. The speeches at the Pan-American Congress, the messages of the Latin republics to their Ambassadors, the various Latin-American comments upon the clearing of Mexican skies and upon the result of the European war in binding together the Americas, attest an unexampled enthusiasm for Pan-Americanism. President Wilson could state his hope of realizing a régime of perpetual amity in the Western Hemisphere, with the consciousness that his hearers would translate his generalities into actualities by referring to their application in Mexican affairs. The American states will guarantee "each other absolute political independence and territorial integrity." They are apparently ready to arrange for the settlement of boundary and other disputes "by patient, impartial investigation" and arbitration. Within certain limits, an international agreement frowning upon revolutionary movements by forbidding shipments of munitions to them should be practicable. Nothing of this sort was possible while the United States stood apart, or even posed as *primus inter pares* in American affairs, or while certain old jealousies in South America persisted. The establishment of this New World fraternity ought to be an object-lesson of great influence in European and Oriental affairs.

The Supreme Court's decision upholding the amended Food and Drugs Act deals another heavy blow to the quacks and swindlers who prey on the credulity of the ignorant and the tendency of the sick to grasp at any straw. As the law originally stood, it condemned only those who misstated the compounds of patent decoctions. That bore harshly enough upon those who were compelled to confess to 60 per cent. alcohol and 40 per cent. commmonplace and obviously harmful drugs in some wonder-working bitters or root extract. It did not reach those who, like the makers of the "Alterative" which figured in the case just closed, could find a profitable market among illiterate or careless people who overlooked the table of compounds while swallowing the assurances of a cure for pneumonia or tuberculosis. Justice Hughes states that the Supreme Court sees no difference between the "interstate transportation of swindling preparations designed to cheat credulous sufferers," when accompanied with false and fraudulent statements, and the interstate transportation of lottery tickets. There is no difference. It cannot be said, for example, that the makers of such medicines have the right to "express an opinion" as to the virtues of their alleged curatives in such form as to constitute a definite promise of results absolutely impossible of realization.

From one equation with two unknown quantities, so the mathematical school-books tell us, it is impossible to infer the value of either. But what is impossible for the mathematician is perfectly easy for the politician or the newspaper man. And we are going to see an unusual amount of this kind of inference in the coming Presidential campaign, in so far as it relates to the question of prices or the cost of living. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is one of the early comers in this field. The Democratic promise of reduction of the cost of living has not been fulfilled: food prices averaged at about top-notch in 1914, according to the official figures, and "every one is aware that no reduction took place during the twelve months which have just closed." Well and good; but how about the war? "In part," says the *Inquirer*, "this may possibly be explained by the war, which has led to an exceptionally large exportation of provisions to belligerent European countries, but there can be no reasonable doubt that had there been no war the movement would have been the same." Thus of the two elements, the war on the one hand and domestic factors on the other, the *Inquirer*, by some intuitive process over which mathematics and logic have no control, determines that one, namely, the war, was of too little consequence to need to be taken into account; and of course the rest is plain sailing. But if a Democratic inquirer should take a fancy to treat the subject of wages as this Republican *Inquirer* does that of prices, what then? Wages have been rising all over the country, and probably much more than the cost of living has risen. "This may possibly be explained by the war," to be sure; but what is to prevent our Democratic friend from declaring that "there can be no reasonable doubt that had there been no war the movement would have been the same"?

The point of special interest in reference to the seven States where prohibition went into effect with the dawning of the New Year is the way it will be found to work in Denver, Portland, Ore., and Seattle. These are by far the largest cities to come under the anti-liquor law. Hitherto, a population of 100,000 has marked that limit, but Denver is estimated to have about 250,000 inhabitants, Portland 260,000, and Seattle 335,000. Prohibition is not the only reform whose advocates are eager to see it have a trial in such places. Those who look upon commission government as the way out of our municipal ills are urging it upon large cities as well as upon towns. But the difference between this innovation and prohibition in this respect is, of course, that the one is adopted by the city and the other is forced upon it. Prohibition is not on trial in Denver and Portland in the same sense in which commission government is on trial in those cities. From the success or failure of the latter reform, it may be possible to draw conclusions of more or less general application. From the success of prohibition, a similar lesson may possibly be drawn, but its failure will prove nothing against the desirability of prohibition in large cities—where the people wish it.

By a great piece of luck, the fire which started in the State, War, and Navy Building one day last week was discovered and put out just before it reached two large containers of gasolene. The setting fire to them might easily have resulted in the destruction of the entire building, particularly as the fire-alarm proved, in the moment of emergency, to be out of order. Nothing could illustrate more clearly, if, indeed, further illustration were needed, the immediate necessity of a public archives building. Had the State, War, and Navy Building been destroyed, even in part, it would have resulted in the loss of priceless material. Stored there are innumerable documents regarding our foreign policy, to say nothing of all the current records of the army and navy. Had this terrible loss come to pass, there would have been an outcry from one end of the country to the other, as there was among scholars everywhere at the sad and needless destruction of the valuable contents of the New York State Library when the Capitol was burned. If the State Department Building does ever go up in flames, with its present contents, the indignation at Congress will be tremendous. It requires an appropriation of only one-sixth the cost of one battleship to construct an ideal public records building.

Mark Twain's pilot swore that when the Mississippi was an unlighted, uncharted channel, full of snags and sandbars, it was the highway for a steady procession of steamboats. When the Government had hedged it between levees, mapped every mile, lighted it and dredged it so that a course could be steered blindfold, it was deserted. Yet the Government has made its recent expenditure in the hope that traffic will be revived;

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and in the announced construction of thirty-six power barges of 1,500 to 5,000 tons for Minneapolis-New Orleans trade this expectation seems to be justified. It is now over a year since experimental voyages showed that barges might compete profitably with the railways. The opening of the Panama Canal, the prospective completion of a modified Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway, and the rise in freight rates, with such periodical chokings of railway lines as we are now seeing, will encourage the backers of the new project. So many plans for making use of the Mississippi have come to naught that cities on the river have grown skeptical; but there is a peculiar promise in this enterprise in that it is founded upon a design of river boat specially adapted to new conditions.

Where is the old lament that college students neglect their books to read newspapers and magazines? "An examination in current history of the European war conducted by New York University," we read in words that are becoming familiar, "has revealed a surprising ignorance of facts relating to contemporaneous events." Not one of fifty-nine students taking a written test answered correctly all the questions, and the average grade was 58 per cent. When Dean Sills submitted the same questions to Bowdoin students, he found that they fell short of a passing mark by a still greater margin. If the students in a metropolis, the students of Hawthorne's and Longfellow's college, do not know what is going on in the world, what students do? Must we conclude that most undergraduates not only fail to read books with interest, but fail to read anything with alertness? The old charge that ignorance of Homer and Goethe was due to the vitiating effect of newspapers and magazines always stumbled over the fact that the student who could identify an episode of the Iliad or a character of Elizabethan drama was the one who knew most about European wars and American politics. The problem is not of transferring a reading-taste from one kind of printed page to another, but of creating and sustaining the desire to read.

The late Frank H. Dodd, who was for a number of years president of the American Publishers' Association, is entitled to grateful remembrance for his conception of an American Encyclopædia modelled chiefly on German lines. The time was propitious for such an enterprise, for the Appletons had unaccountably allowed their excellent New American Encyclopædia to be withdrawn from the market. Mr. Dodd slowly and patiently, and in frequent contact with Brockhaus, gathered information that finally enabled him to launch the work on which he had set his heart. It was, as it deserved to be, an emphatic success. Recognizing its limitations in certain directions, Mr. Dodd in recent years devoted all his efforts towards perfecting the New International Encyclopædia in such a way as to make it worthy to rank with its great European models. His ambition as a publisher in other ways was in marked contrast with practices only too prevalent nowadays. A remark of his made to the writer of these lines on one occasion is worth remembering. "I think," he said, "we ought to publish every year twenty or thirty books of which we know in advance that they cannot possibly pay, but of which we feel sure that they will be a credit to our house." In his activities as a citizen Mr. Dodd lived up entirely to his standards as a publisher, and in his relations with authors and employees he was courtesy and fairness personified.

A satisfactory interpretation of the British casualties in the battle of Loos would take into account the nature of the present fighting and would illustrate in turn the general character of the war. The British lost 60,000 men, but that was during a fortnight. This reminds us of the changed character of "battles" nowadays. During last December, when there was only routine work on the battle-line, when the War Offices had nothing special to report, the British lost 18,500 men. Recently, their casualties have been about a thousand a day. If, therefore, there had been no "battle" of Loos, the British between September 25 and October 8 would nevertheless have lost about 15,000 men. To the battle of Loos by itself, which lasted three days, we must therefore credit about 45,000 casualties. It is a shocking figure when compared with the results attained, but not when compared with the number of men engaged. Field-Marshal French must have used about 200,000 men at least, and that would give a maximum casualty rate of 25 per cent. At Gettysburg, Lee lost 40 per cent. and Meade about 30 per cent. At Mukden the Russians lost more than 30 per cent. and the Japanese about 25 per cent. The Germans contend that in the September operations the Allies lost 190,000 men; but the Germans also assert that the Allies attacked with a million and a half men. By that reckoning, the Allied casualties would be 13 per cent. Assume that the Allies attacked with only half the number asserted by the Germans, and their losses would still be much lighter than at Gettysburg.

But an apparently vital difference between Loos on the one hand and Gettysburg and Mukden on the other is that the latter were decisive, whereas Loos showed only an insignificant change in the battle-line. If the same price must be paid for every two miles won from the Germans, the ultimate cost of victory will be terrific. Or we may put it another way. If it cost the Allies nearly 200,000 men to push forward a couple of miles along a front of less than twenty miles, how much will it cost to push forward along a front of 400 miles? Is not permanent deadlock assured? This does not follow. Precisely because the war at present is one of enormous attrition along a line of 400 miles, it is probable that this line will be getting thinner with time, that neither the Allies nor the Germans can continue to hold all the 400 miles as strongly as they do now, and that consequently with time there must develop more and more exposed spots where the line has worn thin.

To read the life of the late Major-Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, even in the brief compass of a newspaper obituary, is to rehearse eighty-five years of the history and the spirit of America. Into that long life were packed all the elements of what we have always thought a typical American career in the nineteenth century. To be born poor somewhere in New England, to work for a living from early boyhood, to win an education against odds, to transplant one's self into the raw and growing West of the middle of the century, to thrive with the country, to serve the nation during four years of war, to go back into civil life and to the task of building up our Western empire, to live to see the nation extend beyond the Pacific—here is an individual life as typical as Lincoln's, and on its own level even more comprehensive. Dodge's military career was one of virtually unbroken success. He took part in the crucial campaigns of the Civil War, became a brigadier-general at thirty-one and a corps commander at thirty-three, and two years later retired from the army to build the Union Pacific. Such a life, significant at all times, is of peculiar meaning to-day when, in the name of that vague and awful thing called Preparedness, we are asked to revise our old conceptions of Americanism and our "school-book" ideals of the men who have made the nation of to-day.

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WILSON ON THE SECOND TERM.

The New York *World* published on Monday the letter which President Wilson wrote nearly three years ago on the question of a Constitutional amendment limiting the Presidency to a single term. We make no doubt of its authenticity. Its substance was known at the time, and many have seen the text of it in confidence. The occasion of writing it was this: Before Mr. Wilson was inaugurated, the Senate passed a joint resolution looking to a one-term amendment of the Constitution. It had been urged by Senator Cummins, and Mr. Bryan wrote a letter favoring it. When it was sent to the House, the friends of the President-elect there sought his views, and Mr. Wilson gave them to Representative Mitchell Palmer. They were such as to stop the movement; but the letter containing them was not put in print. It must have been printed now with the consent of the President.

From any point of view, it is a noteworthy document. Nowhere in it did the President even allude to the Baltimore platform, favoring a single term, urging a Constitutional amendment to make the President ineligible for reëlection, and pledging "the candidate of this Convention to this principle." The candidate of that Convention never made any public reference to this particular plank; and his letter to Mr. Palmer, written in February of 1913, showed that he regarded it as of no binding force. He wrote, in fact, as if it had never existed. It cannot be said, therefore, that he has changed his mind in order to suit his present political ambitions. From the first he treated the one-term plank as a bit of Bryanesque buncombe.

It was not the platform, but the office of President and its relations to the well-being of the country, that Mr. Wilson discussed. A part of his reasoning has been left looking foolish by the lapse of three years. One of Mr. Wilson's arguments was that the President could be shorn of all power to force his renomination, or to dictate the choice of a successor. The way was to place the whole thing in the hands of the people by means of a Presidential primary. "There ought never to be another Presidential nominating Convention." Its abolition, and the substitution of a nation-wide primary, Mr. Wilson thought it safe to predict, would be accomplished "within the next four years." "It can be done by statute." Well, we have all, including Mr. Wilson, learned something about that since then. His plan was far too short and easy. There is to be another Presidential nominating Convention; the Presidential primary has made no headway at all, and even in the States where something of the kind has been made legal, it has fallen into disrepute. In all this matter of a special device to prevent the country from losing direct control of its President, time has been Mr. Wilson's severest critic. Hastily to take up with such a scheme was unworthy of so close a student of our Government, and of the needs of the nation, as he showed himself to be in the rest of the letter to Mr. Palmer.

The other parts of it are, in truth, weighty and suggestive. Mr. Wilson sought to put his own personality out of it. He could gracefully say in 1913 that he would cheerfully abide by the judgment of his party and of public opinion whether he should be a candidate in 1916. To-day it would not be necessary for him to say so, since the judgment of his party makes his renomination inevitable. But Mr. Wilson put all this aside for the purpose of discussing the one-term notion "on its merits." And we must say that its demerits have seldom been stated more powerfully. The gist of the argument is that there is no difficulty in getting rid of a President whom the country does not want, after four years in office, and that it would be an act of folly to tie the nation's hands by a Constitutional amendment so that it could not retain even a President whom it strongly desired for another term. If time has been harsh on Mr. Wilson's plan for a Presidential primary, it has certainly reinforced the other part of his reasoning. Who in 1913 could have foreseen the present situation which makes it so highly important that the Democrats do not swap horses while crossing the stream of a European war? If we perceive that a change in party leadership would be at this time an act of madness, why go out of our way to fetter ourselves in advance so that another crisis of the kind might find us helpless?

Still more significant is Mr. Wilson's account of the functions of the President, as they have been developing under our own eyes. With unconscious prophecy of what was to come—or else with a quiet determination in his own mind what he would do—he wrote to Mitchell Palmer of the President:

> He is expected by the nation to be the leader of his party as well as the chief executive officer of the Government, and the country will take no excuses from him. He must play the part and play it successfully, or lose the country's confidence. He must be Prime Minister, as much concerned with the guidance of legislation as with the just and orderly execution of law; and he is the spokesman of the nation in everything, even the most momentous and most delicate dealings of the Government with foreign nations.

How, with such a drift going on, the President is to be held accountable, Mr. Wilson admitted was a problem which yet must be "worked out." He seems to have contemplated the possibility of making him "answerable" to the Houses of Congress, "whom he seeks to lead." But his chief point was that while all this matter was waiting decision, "in some natural American way which we cannot yet even predict," it would be the height of unreason to go ahead and restrict to one term a President whose powers have not yet been fully fixed, and whose continuance in office for eight years, instead of merely four, might be of vital importance to the common weal.

SECRETARY GARRISON AS CRITIC.

In the long statement which the Secretary of War laid before the Military Affairs Committee of the House last Thursday, he was, of course, arguing for his own plan of army increase. But in the act he took occasion to criticise other plans. This was done in a destructive spirit, to be sure, as a preliminary to urging his own measure, but it was done effectively. Secretary Garrison has a keenly analytic mind. And it is an intellectual treat to see him apply it to the improvised militarists. Each of them has had his easy plan for giving us an invincible army. Many of them have denounced the Secretary's proposals as entirely inadequate, and have talked glibly of alternatives that could be adopted by a turn of the hand. It was upon some of their haphazard and happy-go-lucky notions that Mr. Garrison poured his cold douches.

Dismissing, to begin with, the assumption that the country faces a "crisis," and premising that the only thing for Congress to consider is a "wise, sensible, adequate military policy on permanent lines and for definite ends," the Secretary takes up in detail the three favorite and happy-thought suggestions to strengthen the army. The first is the immediate creation of a regular army of 500,000 men. The argument is simplicity itself. Regular soldiers are the best fighters; therefore, to make the country safe, let us at once have half a million of them always under arms. But the Secretary applies a little cold reason to the proposal. Where and how could the men be got? The Adju-

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tant-General of the army reports that, in time of peace, he cannot expect to recruit more than 50,000 men a year. Moreover, the Government has not barracks or equipment or officers for an army of 500,000 men. These would have to be furnished at an expense of hundreds of millions, while the upkeep of such a force, once attained, would be $500,000,000 annually. The Secretary asks if it is at all probable that the people would vote any such sums of money, or would assent to the compulsory-service law which would be necessary to get the men. In his own judgment, the whole plan is "impracticable in the last degree."

Next comes the scheme to take the State militia, increase it threefold, and put the resulting force at the disposal of the Federal authorities. Of this Secretary Garrison's criticism is based on grounds military, legal, and political. From the purely military point of view, such separate State organizations would violate first principles of organization, discipline, and command. The "essential unity" of an army would be impossible. Moreover, the Federal Government could not, under the Constitution, undertake to officer or train these State troops, except by the consent of the States. That would imply a willingness on the part of the latter to increase their military outlay three hundred per cent. and to coöperate harmoniously in contemporaneous legislation in forty-eight Legislatures to bring about the desired result. All this seems to the Secretary so *irrational to count upon* that he dismisses the entire project as "futile."

Equally disintegrating is Mr. Garrison's analysis of the other, very popular, but very ill-digested, proposal that the United States imitate the Swiss system or adopt the Australian plan. A great deal has been heard of this. Amiable college professors and amateur strategists and zealous ladies not a few have seen the remedy for all our lack of national defence in quickly going over to the scheme used in Switzerland. But Mr. Garrison justly remarks that "there is, unfortunately, very little accurate knowledge among many who discuss this matter concerning the details and what is involved." He goes on to show that Australia has virtually universal military service. It is modified in some ways, but the element of compulsion is there. But compulsory military service he has already ruled out for this country as politically impossible, at present. As for the Swiss military training in schools, Secretary Garrison puts the obstacles in the way of our adopting it, in any effective way, as follows:

> The national Government has no jurisdiction over the public-school systems of the various States. A constitutional amendment would be required to give it any such jurisdiction. If it attempted to acquire any participation in the school work by the consent of the States, it would require contemporaneous, identical legislation in the forty-eight States of the Union, and this, as we all know, would consume long years of time to accomplish. In addition to this, it would require an enormous number of Federal officials to supervise the innumerable public schools scattered throughout our enormous area. Furthermore, it is not believed that the people of this country have reached the conclusion that compulsory military service is a necessity. However rational such conclusion may be, and however inevitable it may be thought that the people will eventually reach such a conclusion, it is futile to found a policy upon any such requisite at this time, if there is not reasonable hope to expect that it will receive the approval of the people at this time.

Secretary Garrison has before now shown that he has a penetrating intelligence. In his statement last week he displayed it in a way to provoke admiration. To read him carefully would do many of our table-talk and arm-chair enlargers of the army a lot of good. They would see that they are mistaken in supposing that our military knots can be unloosed *familiar as a garter*. The time will come, of course, when the critic is criticised. Secretary Garrison will have to submit his own plans to searching scrutiny, just as he has scrutinized, with such damaging results, the plans of others. But for the present we are content to point out the good work he has done in bringing a whole array of extemporaneous army experts to book.

CRIMINALITY UNDER THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

It is an interesting coincidence that the news of the result of the long-drawn-out trial of the New Haven directors appeared simultaneously with a statement given out by the Federal Trade Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, conveying the views of Attorney-General Gregory on the subject of the enforcement of the criminal provisions of the Anti-Trust law. This statement embodies the result of a series of conferences held with the Attorney-General, with the object of making as clear as possible the attitude which the Government may be expected to take in regard to business practices in which a collision, real or fancied, with the Anti-Trust law might be involved. The Attorney-General's definition of the situation strikes us as precisely correct. That violations of the Anti-Trust law cannot be marked out with the simplicity with which, for example, the crime of forgery can be defined, is true enough; but, as the Attorney-General says, there are many criminal laws which involve great difficulty in their application, and the spirit in which the Anti-Trust law is enforced is essentially the same as that which governs in the enforcement of criminal law in general. He says:

> The Sherman act is enforced by the Department of Justice in the same manner and according to the same rules of policy as other statutes, with the same care and with neither more nor less vigor. Plain or intentional violations are proceeded against vigorously as under other statutes. When, as with all statutes, doubtful cases arise in which there was no intent to violate the law, they are dealt with just as similar cases under other statutes are dealt with; that is, with a view to enforcing strict compliance with the law, but without unnecessarily stigmatizing or unnecessarily burdening with litigation persons who have been honestly mistaken as to the law and who stand ready to rectify their mistake.

But, it may be asked, what support does the actual result in the New Haven case lend to the idea that there is any substantial value in the criminal provisions of the Anti-Trust law? Be the spirit of the Government what it may, reasonable or unreasonable, just or unjust, is not the whole expensive apparatus of prosecution a waste, and worse than a waste? Is it not all a case of stage thunder portentous enough to disturb business, but unaccompanied by the lightning of punishment, and therefore impotent to prevent the growth of monopoly? That is the moral which those who have all along been opposed to anti-monopoly legislation are fain to draw from the New Haven disagreement. But it is warranted neither by the story of that prosecution nor by the general facts of the situation. As for the New Haven case, so far as regards a large part of the transactions involved in the indictments, there was, in the mind of highly competent and impartial persons, great doubt as to their illegality; and secondly, as to that part to which such doubt does not apply, the jury, we may be sure, was powerfully influenced by the knowledge that when the acts were committed there was no such clear understanding of the practical meaning of the Sherman act as has become established since the rendering of the great decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases.

Before that time, current views on the subject were in large measure divided between two extremes, which, diametrically opposed to each other in intention, were in fact equally calculated to render the law inoperative. Unbending theorists of the

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Bryan type held that the law was directed against every act that bore any taint of monopolistic purpose, and therefore should be so enforced as to suppress every such act; "practical" men, on the other hand, recognizing that the execution of the law, according to its letter as thus understood, was an absurdity, felt that the law might without danger of punishment, be interpreted as meaning almost anything that suited their convenience. In this condition of things, acts were committed which, however wrongful from the standpoint of that "rule of reason" which the Supreme Court laid down in those two memorable decisions, it is difficult to get a jury to brand as having been criminal. The directors of the New Haven doubtless received from the jury the benefit of an assumption, not of ignorance of the law in the ordinary sense—which is no excuse—but of that kind of ignorance of the law which came from the fact that the law itself lacked the definition which has now been given to it by the courts. Far different will the case be with future offenders. We venture to say that persons watching the New Haven case with a view to judging how far they may go with safety will be far more impressed with the danger in which the New Haven directors have stood—and for that matter still stand—than with the fact that they have not been convicted.

As for the general efficacy of the criminal provisions of the Sherman act, to measure this by the success or failure of a particular prosecution, or even of prosecutions generally, is to fall into a fundamental error. That the efficacy of its prohibitions has been increasing, and will continue to increase, is, we think, clear enough; but even in the past it has been operative to a degree infinitely beyond what can be measured by the punishments that have been imposed for its violation. Uncounted possibilities of monopolistic combination or oppression have been averted by the existence of the law. In the nature of things, the transgressions that have actually been committed are, as a rule, such as, upon some theory or other, might be defended; acts in utter and barefaced violation of the law have been avoided. We cannot judge what the law has accomplished by merely noting what it has failed to accomplish. What the country was face to face with, for a decade or two, was a situation in which the tendency towards the domination of its industrial life by a few gigantic monopolies was so powerful as to seem to many absolutely irresistible. The country was full of voices, speaking with all the accent of authority, which proclaimed that this should be accepted as part of the order of nature, and that any attempt to oppose its fulfilment was ignorant meddling, at once mischievous and futile. It is a long time since that sort of talk was the fashion; and its decline furnishes a far better measure of the efficacy of the Anti-Trust law than does any record of the cases under the law which have found their way into the courts.

MIRACLES MADE IN GERMANY.

Dr. Rathenau has been successful in producing a multitude of substitutes for goods and material which in times of peace Germany had to import. His greatest achievement as far as is known was taking from the air saltpetre (nitrate of potash), absolutely necessary in the manufacture of gunpowder. By what chemical process this marvel is brought about, the great "Wizard of the Kaiserreich" will not tell.—"I simply compelled the War Ministry and the industries to build factories."

We quote from one of the New York *World's* articles of last week, in which Mr. Roeder, after a study of conditions in Germany, has been describing the energy and resourcefulness with which the German people have met the problems of the economic siege maintained by the British fleet. This particular article is headed, "'Wizard of German Empire' Has Found Substitutes for Supplies England Cut Off." The sentence correctly reflects the general impression in this country of what Germany can do when she tries, and what she has done. We have heard of substitutes for nitrate of potash, for rubber, for cotton, for copper. England, in fact, has been the making of Germany, by forcing her to invent commodities she used to import. After the war, Germany will be more self-sufficient than ever. It all comes down to the marvellous German efficiency. Your German Organization can do anything when put on its mettle. It borrows a hat from the audience and pulls out synthetic nitrates, synthetic cotton, rubber, bread, in the wink of an eye-lash.

Has Mr. Roeder, has the *World*, ever heard of atmospheric nitrates before this? Before the war, Germany made a fair proportion of her nitrates. The industry has been for some time on a commercial basis in Scandinavia, where the requisite water-power is available. It may be that Germany, under the spur of necessity, has developed the process. Since it is a question of making nitrates or going without, the problem does not take commercial factors into consideration. Leaving cost out of account, any nation can make nitrates out of the air. Or rubber. Has Germany really solved the problem the scientists have been busy with for years? Synthetic rubber of a kind has been made for some time in England, and presumably elsewhere. What is the article which Germany has invented?

Now they are manufacturing rubber in Germany, expert chemists making the substitute from potatoes. This synthetic rubber contains about 15 per cent. of real rubber. This substitute cannot be used in the manufacture of rubber tires or tubes. It works excellently in connection with the manufacture of hard tires, "and," say the Germans, "if we cannot drive as fast with the substitute rubber tires as we can with the imported manufacture, we simply drive a little slower, but get there just the same."

In other words, near-rubber. There is no real synthetic rubber in Germany. The hard tires which German "wizardry" has invented have been used for years on motor trucks in New York city. Our manufacturers are like M. Jourdain. They have been wizards for years without knowing it.

We choose to be skeptical concerning the results of German invention in the course of the war. We prefer to wait and see whether the various substitutes exist, and if they do, whether they can stand the test of peace. In war anything will do if you can't get anything better. And one reason for skepticism regarding the magic of German science and organization is that we have plenty of evidence to show that in one field which is just as important as nitrates, or copper, or rubber, German resourcefulness has not reached the point of wizardry. That is the question of food. Compare with Mr. Roeder's statements of German triumphs in invention his statements regarding the problem of food: "a considerable shortage of certain articles of food"; "food-prices have risen"; "there have been a few so-called 'food-riots.'" Germany is living to-day on potatoes. Compare with the achievements of German invention expressions like the following, from discussions in the Budget Commission and in the Reichstag Food Committee:

Deputy Behrens demanded higher bread rations for the forestry workers.

Deputy Ebert: "The bitter dissatisfaction among the people is due to conditions in the potato market. The Government has bungled the problem. It is a lie to say that potatoes are selling at peace prices. The producers are delivering unripe, and, in part, absolutely unfit, potatoes."

President Kautz: "The potato problem is beset with difficulties. Last year we had too much, and the Government lost a great deal of money. Last summer the experts declared there was no need for Government intervention. Nothing was done. The crop was late. Difficulties of transportation arose; hence a scarcity. The producers did not no-

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tify their yield. We regret to say we do not know just where the potatoes went."

Apparently, German resourcefulness and organization are not infallible. We want further evidence regarding synthetic rubber and cotton.

There is one real substitute which Germany has discovered for the necessities of war and of life. She has learned to go without. "If we cannot drive as fast with the substitute rubber tires, we simply drive a little slower, but get there just the same." The present German substitute for bread is less bread. The substitute for meat is much less meat. The substitute for milk is no milk. Will they get there just the same? It may be. We are not at all arguing that Germany can be starved or exhausted into defeat. It should be harder to defeat a people that is willing to go without food than a people that can shake marvellous inventions out of its sleeve. In the last analysis it is the spirit of a nation that is broken by war; the soul that is defeated. If the soul of Germany is unconquered, it is no derogation to her pride if we express doubts regarding the achievements of her chemists and engineers.

But the fact does have meaning for us. The legend of a wizard Germany weighs heavy on the spirits of a good many Americans. It is the fear behind our Preparedness panic, this belief that Germany can do anything she chooses any time she pleases, that she is exempt from limitations of space and time, and that to von Hindenburg the Atlantic is just like the Vistula; he'll cross it whenever he feels like doing so.

POETRY AND THE WAR.

That a great war is almost sure to mean a great literature is one of our firmly cherished convictions. It goes along with the general idea that great crises produce, or at least reveal, great men. These beliefs are a tribute to the power of abstract reasoning. A crisis calls out reserve force, of individual and of nation. In particular, a war stirs up the deeps of emotion, which naturally find expression in fine words as well as fine deeds. Thus, for the terrible destruction wrought by the monster, there is a partial compensation in indestructible verse. It is possible to find just enough examples to give this belief the apparent sanction of fact. Some wars have produced great poetry. Some crises have found capable men. Moreover, all earth-shaking events are material for the poet, though he be not born for decades or centuries after they have become history. But the record on the other side is no less impressive. Contrary to the comfortable maxim that no man is indispensable, Lincoln left no successor. And the amount of good, or even tolerable, poetry—if there is such a thing as merely tolerable poetry—inspired by all the wars of the nineteenth century, would not fill a one-foot shelf.

Nevertheless, not the least element of the intense interest aroused by the present conflict was the expectation of great results for literature. Not only was it recognized with modern promptness as the greatest event of its kind in all time; this very consciousness of its hugeness was counted upon to overcome the usual delay between an event and its literary embodiment. A survey of the verse called out by it, however, discloses little to justify this confidence. Not that many poets have not tried to do their duty. But, like too many of the leaders in the field, they have in the mass of instances only muddled through. Lascelles Abercrombie, in the *Quarterly Review*, takes a look at half a dozen of the more important collections of verse that have appeared in England since August, 1914, and along with them, the two volumes in which Mr. Charles M. Doughty endeavored to warn his countrymen of what was coming, two and five years before the outbreak. Having the prophetic instinct, Mr. Doughty should have had the advantage of the prophet's eloquence. But Mr. Abercrombie, much as he admires the verses for their patriotism, is forced to acknowledge that "for all their noble sense of England, they are not happy reading to any one who respects the genius of England's tongue." One example is sufficient. "Become is occupied England" sings Mr. Doughty. But perhaps he meant by this to give his countrymen a sharp foretaste of the policy of frightfulness.

The poets who waited to twang their lyres until they had the inspiration of actual happenings do not do much better. The difficulty with them is often a weariness in well doing. They start well, or they end well, or they have a good line or a good couplet, but the poem as a whole is not good. Thomas Hardy is struck with a ringing refrain, "Men who march away," but when he tries to supply lines to accompany it he produces a stanza like this:

What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

A more recent poem by a less famous writer starts better:

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;
The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

But the third stanza of this poem of Margaret Sackville drops to prose. Even Kipling has the same shortness of breath.

There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone,

he begins, and he ends upon a high note:

Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

In between, however, he has had to descend for a fresh start.

One would have said that a poet of Imperialism and Red Blood would have found his opportunity in the cataclysm of his era, but it is one of an older fashion, despite his fewer years, who has penned the lines that seem destined to live beside the military records of 1914 and 1915. Rupert Brooke has been and is the subject of such a chorus of praise that an admirer may well hesitate to pay him tribute, lest he seem to be merely joining in a popular acclaim. But the least that can be said of the five sonnets which are called collectively "1914" is that they are the high-water mark of the poetry written in English, and probably in any other language, since the war began. They exhibit that combination of patriotic fire and poetic art which seems beyond the powers of all but a very few, even among the gifted. His first cry is of exultation:

Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour.

Then comes the brave man's definition of safety:

Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

This is followed by a picture of the sacrifices made by those who

gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

The fourth and fifth sonnets are ravishing in their sheer beauty of conception and phrasing:

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE AND PEACE—WHAT SOCIALISTS VOTE FOR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, December 25, 1915.

In popular speech you mean working men and women when you speak of the people. Why peasant farmers and shopkeepers, the rich, and the few nobles who are left should not be "people" also is a puzzle to be unravelled after the war. The present question is, What do the French people think about peace? From reports which are constantly reaching us in Paris, neutrals and pacifists seem rooted in a delusion as to this which nothing can dispel.

The difficulty is to find out where the people express their real feelings. About those who are in the army and fighting for their lives, no one can doubt. They have made up their minds and set their teeth, and there is no need of talk. So far as workingmen at home have an articulate organ to speak for them, only Socialist federations are noteworthy. They are essentially political, and so this must be taken into account in trying to understand what they really mean. They do not represent farm laborers in any number, and not more, perhaps, than one-half of railway men, miners, factory men, and other adherents of united labor. The Syndicalists, who profess to represent labor unions without reference to political parties, have never succeeded in getting more than one-tenth of French workingmen into their ranks. Still, all these labor organizations have to trim their utterances according to real popular feeling. It is not quite the same thing with the Socialist press; but this is keeping very honorably to the *Union Sacrée* of the whole people of France in its life-and-death struggle against the enemy of all.

In their attitude towards the close of the war, which means the conclusion of peace, French Socialist organizations have to face a question that tries their souls: Shall they unite again with German Socialists?

All have taken their beginning and their principles in the internationalism of Karl Marx. His son-in-law, Longuet, was one of the French leaders in the rudimentary times of the Commune; and Deputy Longuet, his grandson, is one of the present political leaders. In the breaking up of the old Internationale after the war of 1870, French Socialists sided as a body with Marx against Bakunin.

It was not the same with the primitive French Socialists, from Baboeuf to Fourier and Pierre Leroux, and even Blanqui, who were revolutionists or philanthropists rather than politicians. The new Syndicalists, under the teaching of men like Georges Sorel, have somewhat returned to genuinely French thought as found in Proudhon, or else they have veered towards the French Anarchist adherents of Bakunin. But Jaurès, like Jules Guesde before him, and all "Unified" Socialists own Karl Marx for their ancestor—and he was a German and the essential of his political method was the Internationale.

Here is the vital perplexity of French Socialists. War has cut short all Internationalism. Is all their past Socialism therefore to count for nothing? For really the new age to which they looked could only come by united action of the "people," that is, the wage-earners, of all nations. This is what they were all singing before the war:

> 'Tis the final struggle!
> Stand together and to-morrow
> The Internationale
> Shall be mankind.

For this the daily paper of Jaurès was named *L'Humanité* and not *La Patrie*. It was the grief of his last hours that German Socialists were standing with their nation rather than keeping to this Internationale. His last article was published the day of his death and had been written on his return from the Socialist meeting at Brussels, which made a last effort to save the Internationale and peace. It ended with this summons:

"All Militant Socialists registered in the Federation of the Seine are called, Sunday morning at the Salle Wagram, to a meeting at which the international situation will be explained and the action which the Internationale expects of us will be defined. Meetings will be multiplied to keep in action the thought and will of the proletariat and to prepare a demonstration, sure to be magnificent, as a prelude to the labors of the International Congress. What is now important beyond all else is continuity of action, the perpetual awakening of Labor thought and conscience."

Meetings and congress were lost in the inevitable marching forth to war of a whole people, property-holders and proletarians together. The *Bataille Syndicaliste* uttered it in the "War Song of French Workmen":

> The day that Germany opened up the abyss,
> One and one only word, peaceful, sublime,
> Was spoken by the one-minded people:
> It must be.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Dear workmen, put off your hope
> To do away with hunger and suffering;
> It must be.

All this must be kept in mind when trying to understand the meaning of the Socialists' resolutions about peace now—after eighteen months of war in which they have done their duty to their country.

On the one side speaks the present duty, which must be done to the end, however long and bitter. On the other echoes the voice of the past, which gave Socialism its right to existence as the travail of humanity towards the union of all mankind in the Internationale and peace and plenty.

To save the Internationale, since peace could not be saved, to save the past dream while the present duty works towards its perfect end, is the undertone to all utterances of French Socialists nowadays. Neither what they say of peace nor what they say of war can be understood where this is not distinctly heard.

Thus the Federation of the Seine—Jaurès's Federation—has just divided up its votes as follows, all implying future peace, but concerning immediately the continued existence of the Internationale. All through is felt the impulse of the German *Sozial-Demokratie*, which at the beginning merged itself with "Germany opening up the abyss," and now, since it has not succeeded in swallowing up France, comes to urge the French "Kameraden" to receive them back to their hearts in international love.

The Federation was called on to express its will as to future relations among the old-time International Socialists. Two members, Bourderon and Merrhem, who lately distinguished themselves by sitting without credentials along with German and neutral Socialists in a Swiss reunion which failed to organize a peace conference, proposed that the French organization should renew at once these international relations. This recommendation received 545 votes only out of 10,492 which were cast. Deputy Longuet proposed simply that such relations should be renewed—after the war. He had 3,826 votes. Deputy Renaudel, who more or less takes the place of Jaurès in the political party, also proposed that such relations should be postponed until after the war—and, moreover, even then, that international relations should be renewed with German Socialists only on this condition, that they repudiate German Imperialism and accept the reparation of that violation of the right of peoples which was inflicted by Germany on Alsace and Lorraine after 1870. And this proposal had the immense majority—6,121 votes.

To-day—Christmas Day—the general Congress of Unified Socialists of France is being held. There is no reason to expect any great change in this verdict of Jaurès's Federation of French Socialists on present war and peace.

> Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
> But you will hold out one year more,
> If it must be.

It would be as well if neutrals and pacifists should accept this judgment of these who are certainly nearest concerned. They might thus avoid unreasonable acts and impossible pretensions.

The death of the patriarch of the Internationale in France has come to confirm what is here said. For Dr. Vaillant, the impenitent Communist, has literally died of this break in the ranks of international Socialism. The heart pressure, the indignation with which he viewed what he stigmatized as the "treason" of the German *Sozial-Demokratie*, was too strong for the vital current of a man seventy-five years old. He was a French doctor and engineer, who went to Heidelberg for science and other things in the early sixties. It was the time when hatred of Emperor Napoleon III was hottest and when Karl Marx was weaving the threads of his world-wide open conspiracy of the Internationals. It was Vaillant's task to become its lifelong propagator in France.

For his share in the Commune he was condemned to death and remained in England, whither he had escaped, until the amnesty. Then he came back to Paris and there, after manifold Socialist activity, he was elected to Parliament among the first of the new-born Socialist political party. For twenty-two years he has held his seat. At the annual defiling of Socialists before the Mur des Fédérés, where the martyrs of the Commune are buried, the monotonous rasping voice of this fierce-eyed old man was sure to be heard beginning his speech of defence and offence—sure to be stopped by immediate police orders. When war broke out he sided at once with all other Frenchmen, notably with the Comte de Mun, who had been posted at the Louvre on guard against his Commune. Like all his mates, he has kept faithfully the *Union Sacrée*. All these months since August, 1914, his voice has been still for war—until war shall have won the "just" peace.

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SOME CRITICISMS FROM AMERICA—REPUTATIONS MADE AND UNMADE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, December 20, 1915.

Perhaps I cannot do better this week than take up one or two points raised in letters to me from Americans regarding my articles in the *Nation*.

One correspondent, in reference to my attempted rejoinder to Mr. Roosevelt's article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, seems to think that I threw doubt on England's recognition of America's sympathy with her sacrifices. Mr. Roosevelt himself, however, did not, as I understand him, pretend to be oblivious to what my correspondent calls "the splendid heroism and sacrifice" of the British people; and we are fully aware of and grateful for America's fellow-feeling with us in that respect. What I take exception to in a certain brand of American criticism is its underestimate of the *effort* we are making, and the tendency to assume that such effort must and should be exactly on all fours with those of France and Russia.

My correspondent himself falls into this fallacy in regard to the question of vodka and absinthe. Why cannot we do the same with gin and whiskey? Well, the differences of the three cases are easily patent to the view. For example, Mr. Asquith is not an autocrat, the British Cabinet does not possess a monopoly of alcohol, and it does not rule over millions of pious and docile peasants, looking up to their Czar as literally God's vicegerent here on earth. As regards France, it may be pointed out that whiskey, or gin, or rum, if used in moderation, is not so deleterious in its effects as absinthe; that the average Englishman has never had the opportunity of washing down his meals with sound light wine, and that the drinking customs of the two countries have been totally different. War is hardly the time for a Government to attempt direct and sweeping revolutions in the most intimate habits of its constituents; and it is distinctly a question for the Englishman to settle for himself how far a sudden abandonment of his use of stimulants would interfere with his industrial efficiency. Opinions will inevitably differ as to whether the British Government has or has not shown too great timidity in its handling of this thorny question; but it ought to be fully recognized that a Cabinet, representing a democratic and very independent people, and keenly aware that one of its chief functions in this struggle is to furnish supplies of all sorts, both for its own country and its allies, must proceed with great caution in a matter in which the workingman's disaffection might have such fatal results. We recognize the evils and dangers of the traffic in drink; but we see both sides, and many of us who, in theory, sympathize sincerely with the *Spectator's* vigorous crusade of "Down Glasses," are not yet convinced that the time has come for so drastic a remedy. Meanwhile, the various temporal and other restrictions in the use of liquor, already introduced, are working well. If we ever come to either conscription or total abstinence (both rather doubtful), it can be only by the gradual series of steps in compromise that characterize the English way of doing things.

On the whole question of British effort I may venture to quote the "Neutral Friend" (a Swede, I believe) who has recently been contributing a series of interesting articles to the *Times*. His final conclusion (December 18) is that "England has at last turned with full energy to the mighty task. . . . No more striking example of national energy, directed, consolidated, and centralized under direct Government control, can be found. The master mind behind this gigantic enterprise has created a compulsory industrial system, stronger and more powerful than any hitherto devised, even in Germany. Employer and employee have been merged into servants of the state. Great Britain awake has chosen the path to victory." This may be a flattering verdict; but unless all outward signs and all personal experiences are fallacious, I am convinced it is somewhat nearer the mark than that of Mr. Roosevelt; and it has the merit of coming from a man who has made a very careful personal investigation of conditions not only in England, but in Germany.

When my correspondents refer to our mistakes, they are on safer ground. Our leaders have, indeed, made a long series of blunders; some so nearly inevitable from the circumstances of the case as to be readily excusable; some so humanly natural as to meet with very tempered condemnation; others, so far as our knowledge goes, so gravely short-sighted and careless as to rouse a very lively sense of indignation. Whether our stereotyped excuse of "muddling through" means that we really commit more mistakes than other people, or is merely an excess of candor that leads us to open confession when others would protect themselves by a decent veil of taciturnity, I shall not venture to decide. But we are, at any rate, taking our lessons to heart; and the recent series of "resignations" and "retirements," from Cabinet Ministers downwards, should surely convince the most skeptical that not even the highest position gives immunity for rashness or incompetence.

My correspondent who argues that Great Britain has lost more in gross tonnage of shipping than Germany is falling into a fallacy that I should have thought fairly obvious. Of course, that country whose vessels are still traversing the ocean almost as freely as in time of peace stands to lose more ships than the country whose ocean traffic has completely vanished. This disproportion must inevitably tend to increase as time goes on. The marksman with a thousand targets before him must inevitably score more bull's-eyes than he who has no target at all. But we certainly contend that the amount of gross tonnage practically "lost" by Germany includes that of all the keels now rusting in German and foreign ports, and is, therefore, incalculably larger than that lost by Great Britain. So I repeat the assertion, at which my correspondent cavils, that so far as the Atlantic Ocean, the North Sea, and the English Channel are concerned, "the submarine peril is practically negligible"; and, though the difficulties in the Mediterranean Sea are undoubtedly greater, even there the ravages of the under-water boat are not great enough to count as an important factor in the war.

We may have to admit that we have not yet found our Chatham or our Wellington; but fruits like these do not grow on every tree. With such implements as we have, and with a firm determination to discard every tool of which the edge and temper prove defective, our present intention is to go on with the fight as best we can, allowing neither blunder nor defeat to daunt us. My correspondent may be right in saying that what we need in these supreme days is a leader who will set the right tone of *feeling*. More than one of us has been emphasizing the necessity of a spectacular example. But if the example does not come from above, we must just try to procure the proper tone of feeling from below.

It may not be wholly out of relation to the subject of this letter that the pigeon-hole I reserved for "Reputations enhanced by the war" has remained strangely empty, while that for "Reputations injured by the war" is full to overflowing. [This, of course, refers to leading personalities only, for the rank and file of my fellow-countrymen—*i. e.*, England taken as a whole—seem to me to have filed a greater claim on the admiration and respect of the world than ever before in their checkered history.] Lord Derby is one of the few exceptions to the above generalization, and the evidence of his claim has appeared in earlier letters to the *Nation*. Perhaps another exception is Mr. Bonar Law, whose actions and speeches as a member of the Coalition Cabinet have met with very general admiration. Almost alone among our statesmen, he has succeeded in making the public believe that he really has for the time being forgotten the claims of party and is actuated solely by patriotic motives. Not that we consider our other statesmen unpatriotic; but there are few of them of whom we can feel positively that their devotion to their country is absolutely unflecked by party loyalty or personal ambitions. Mr. Bonar Law has inspired us with this confidence. Many Liberals who remember their disapproval of Mr. Law's somewhat captious and brusque methods as leader of the Opposition, before the war, are rather astonished by the sanity, coolness, moderation, and conciliatory spirit he now displays. This was specially evident in his contribution to the debate on the Parliament and Registration bill, on December 14, when his tone was notably frank, straightforward, and manly. It is not without significance that Mr. Bonar Law is first and foremost a business man, though it is hard to say how much this fact accounts for the confidence he inspires as compared with the doubts and suspicions that have in recent times been hovering round the heads of the "lawyer" politician.

Another man who has undoubtedly "arrived" since the war began is the Dutch artist, Mr. Louis Raemakers. So far as I am aware, his name before 1914 was almost unknown beyond the limited bounds of the Low Countries; but I venture to predict that it will hereafter be familiar for long, long years throughout civilization. Germany, in particular, will find it difficult to forget him. We had seen a few reproductions of his works in English journals; but the exhibition of his war cartoons now on view in Bond Street has come as a revelation of his powers. The admirable drawing, composition, and coloring form the vehicle for scathing moral indignation, merciless irony, and an unerring instinct in choice of subject or symbol. They are all the more telling because they are the work of a "disinterested" spectator in a neutral country. Not all of the cartoons are caricatures, and those that are not often reveal an idyllic charm and tenderness in striking contrast to the savage humor of their companions. It is little wonder that nine-tenths of the drawings are already marked "sold."

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The Pay of Professors

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

One cannot look deeply into the financial situation of Brown University without being struck by its needs in various respects, if not in every direction. The treasurer's report for June 30, 1915, shows a deficit for the year of $20,275.64. To many colleges this would seem a small amount. It does not seem alarming at Brown, although it is nearly $7,000 larger than the preceding deficit. There has, in fact, been a deficit for every year the treasurer cites, that is, from 1905-6 down; moreover, this year's deficit is in the face of some very considerable increases of income within the last three years.

But even this would not give cause for undue dissatisfaction—there is always the hope of a sudden windfall in the shape of a bequest, or a donation, to wipe out an accumulation of deficits—provided that the University had plenty of funds for the work in hand and for the proper emolument of its teaching force. Then, too, a university is like the average individual: if it gets an increased income, it promptly lives up to it. No one is likely to find fault with Brown, if the only untoward fact is that it has absorbed the income from its new million-dollar endowment fund and still finds itself out of pocket. The cost of living rises for universities as for individuals. The real question to be asked is whether it is doing its work well; whether it is expending its income wisely and to the best purpose, and whether it is laying its emphasis on the vital things. What the graduates of Brown presumably wish to know is, first, whether the University is making its money go as far as possible, and, secondly, where the shoe particularly pinches.

They will find, if they care to inquire, that the shoe seems to pinch all over; that, for instance, the John Hay Library, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, is without sufficient endowment and without the funds to carry it on properly, there being imperfect cataloguing, until lately inadequate service at night; while the University has recently accepted the offer of an historical society to mount and put in order some extremely valuable historical papers which have for long years past lacked adequate care and preparation for the student. Many of the departments appear to be without the proper funds for the purchase of books and other necessary expenses, and there is a striking lack of modern equipment in the matter of recitation rooms, etc. But, to my mind, all these things are bearable compared with the question whether the teaching force is being properly remunerated, since it is, after all, the most trite of college maxims that the university does not stand or fall by its bricks and mortar, or by the size of its endowment. Its true value is to be found in its teachers and the inspiration and learning they are able to impart. If its teachers are underpaid and uncomfortably harassed by the wolf at the door, if they are dissatisfied and think that the governing boards treat them as unfairly as some mill-hands are treated, men of talent and ability cannot be attracted to its service.

President Faunce has clearly recognized this. In his annual report for 1911 he wrote: "We need to increase the salaries of our teaching staff. . . . The maximum salary of our professors is $250 larger than it was forty years ago—that fact is eloquent enough." Throughout the campaign for the million-dollar endowment the plight of Brown's professors was steadily kept to the fore. Thus in one of the typewritten statements officially given to workers and entitled "Arguments and Facts for the Use of Solicitors of Subscriptions," there occurs the following: "Most of the income from the proposed fund will be applied to increasing faculty salaries. The average salary at Brown is about $1,600.00. The highest paid heads of departments receive $3,250.00—only $250 more than forty years ago. Other leading universities pay $5,000 to $7,000 for the same work. Our best men will soon follow Professors Lamont, Bumpus, Wilson, and Jameson, if the endowment fund is not secured. Some members of the faculty have already received from rival colleges offers of salary much in excess of what they are now paid. They will remain, if assured of a reasonable salary here. Should the endowment fail now, our faculty in ten years' time will largely comprise disappointed failures conducting a second-rate institution. This will discount our diplomas 50 per cent. Defend the value of your own achievement."

No one will question the correctness of this statement, however one may be disposed to smile at the direful prospect of a decrease in the value of a diploma. There can also be no doubt that this appeal for the professors did not fall upon unheeding ears; that it played a large part in bringing about the new million-dollar endowment can hardly be questioned. It is, therefore, the more discouraging to learn that a year and a half after the paying in of the last of the pledges of this endowment, the senior professors at Brown are still without any increase in their salaries, and that the University is still confronted by the situation officially set forth by the ardent instructions to canvassers. Of the million-dollar endowment fund, $200,000 went to the Women's College and $225,000 was set aside for a pension fund—for Brown, being, alas! still a sectarian college, cannot profit by the Carnegie Foundation, but must provide its own pensions, of which it now disburses six. About $50,000 was set aside for other purposes, leaving approximately $525,000 of the million to provide for the third great object of the million-dollar fund—the additional emolument of the teaching force, giving an income of, say, about $21,000 a year. Had all of this sum been devoted to this purpose it is probable that the lot of the professors would have been considerably improved by this time. As it is, the corporation, after increasing the salaries of some of the teachers lowest in grade, has decided to apply the rest of the $21,000—fully one-half of it, if not more—to the great and pressing general needs of the University. About $9,000 seems to be the maximum sum applied as additional pay to teachers.

Indeed, one notices in the official documents after the completion of the funds a distinct cooling off towards the full professors. Thus, while President Faunce was so concerned in 1911 about the maximum salaries, they remain at $3,250 in 1916; they have not climbed, even if the cost of living has. Again, in 1913, Prof. Walter G. Everett, acting president during Dr. Faunce's absence on leave, had the following to say:

> The problem of a general increase in the scale of salaries cannot at this time receive a satisfactory solution, although such an increase, especially in the maximum salary, is absolutely necessary if Brown University is to maintain its rank with other leading institutions. The most pressing need has undoubtedly been the establishment of an adequate system of pensions. In the meantime, the full amount of the new endowment is not in hand, while the large deficit, and the important change made in the fiscal year, complicate the question of the exact distribution of the income from the new funds. It has therefore seemed wise to postpone consideration of the increase in salaries until a time when these funds are actually completed, and when the factors involved in any change can be more precisely determined.
>
> One reflection concerning the policy of the future inevitably follows even the most cursory consideration of the question of salaries. If there is to be any adequate increase in the remuneration of professors, their number cannot be increased at present. The desire to enlarge departments or to multiply courses must be steadfastly resisted. Happily, resistance to such a tendency may be fortified by considerations of educational as well as of financial policy. The great need of the American college to-day is not further specialization, but the more masterly and inspiring teaching of the fundamental courses which constitute the essential elements of a liberal education.

Again, in his report for 1914 President Faunce wrote that the "recent increase in salaries has affected only five of our older professors. It has been applied mainly to the younger teachers, who began on slender compensation and now, with growing families, cannot remain at Brown without such increase. . . . None the less, it remains true that a pressing need is an advance in our maximum salary. That maximum can in the nature of the case apply to few teachers—to those who by rare attainments in scholarship, by notable publications, or by demonstrated teaching power, have won not only the personal regard of colleagues and students, but wide recognition in the intellectual and educational world."

Plainly, this is a marked change from the statement of 1911, when the appeal was clearly for the raising of the maximum salary for all the full professors, there being nothing in the above quoted instructions to solicitors to point out that the appeal for

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raising the maximum related only to well-known and well-beloved professors.

Finally, in his report for 1915 President Faunce had nothing to say about increases of faculty salaries, except in connection with the "Loyalty Fund," an annual gift from graduates, of which $5,000 is free money for general expenses. Some $500 of this, he says, was used to keep one teacher from accepting a call elsewhere, which appears to confirm the 1914 statement that Brown does not intend to pay its "disappointed failures" more than $3,250, whatever may be the cost of living.

Now, it may be pointed out by some that the situation is not unique, in that at Harvard, a few years ago, a large fund was raised by which certain members of Harvard's teaching staff hoped, apparently in vain, to profit. In justice to Brown, it must also be pointed out that the maximum salary is far greater than that paid in many Northern, and particularly in Southern, colleges. Lafayette, for instance, is now engaged in raising a large sum the main purpose of which is to increase the present teachers' salaries. There the maximum salary for a full professor is but $2,000 plus a house, which is reckoned at $400. The minimum salary is $1,600 plus $100 for house allowance. They even pay assistant professors as little as $1,300. Naturally, their able young president is determined to end this state of things as rapidly as possible. At Easton, however, the cost of living is less than at Providence.

But that such conditions can exist anywhere is surely a very great reflection upon the American public, or, rather, that part of it which has to do with the maintenance of our colleges. It is the more galling when one considers that the Harvard football coach is paid $10,000 for a brief period of three months each year, and is reported to be asking for more; that his various assistants get considerably more than many professors. How is the college youth of America to regard all this? How is it to be expected that he will have the proper respect for what is the poorest paid profession in America? These questions are as old as the hills, but never did they make a stronger appeal than at the present time. While the highest-salaried men and the laboring men have had their wages increased—the laborers of the United States Steel Corporation all got a 10 per cent. increase just recently—the professors, like the small professional men, get no increases, no matter whether the country is prosperous or not, have to bear the burden of increased cost of living, and are still expected to bring up their children as gentle folk. Surely, our colleges should one and all adopt as their slogan: "No full professor but must turn in an income tax blank!" At any rate, the situation at Brown, as shown by the official documents, is one to make every alumnus blush. In all fairness to its president and trustees they should certainly go to work at once remedying what is surely a deplorable state of affairs.

Some Old Dutch Masters

THE ROMANCE OF DR. BREDIUS'S RESEARCHES INTO DUSTY RECORDS.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, December 26, 1915.

Dr. A. Bredius, Holland's chief authority on the history of Dutch painting, has published a book* which, dry and uninteresting as its contents seem at first sight, affords the greatest fascination to the lover of old Dutch art. The author does not treat his readers to panegyrics on pictures and their painters, nor to disquisitions on the sublime and the beautiful in the work of Rembrandt and his lesser brethren of art. He simply prints, from inventories, contracts, and various sorts of legal documents, all such details as can throw light on the obscure lives of those men, the hardly-earned harvest of many a year of indefatigable researches in the archives of Holland. And the light does not clear up obscure lives only, it even reveals the unsuspected existence of gifted men who were honored in their lifetime, but whose names and works are strangely lost to posterity. "On June 9, 1661," runs one of these documents, "appeared before me Jacob Hellerus, notary at Amsterdam, the painters Barent Cornelisz., aged 51; Allart van Everdingen, aged 39; Willem Kalff, aged 39, and Jacob van Ruisdael, aged 32, to examine, at the request of Mr. Doucy, a picture purchased by him from the art dealer, Abraham de Cooge of Delft, for a work by Parcellus" (*i. e.*, Porcellis).

Who was this Barent Cornelisz. that was consulted as an expert of equal authority with Ruysdael, van Everdingen, and that exquisite painter of still-life art, Willem Kalff? Dr. Bredius's record-hunt has brought to light nearly twenty documents containing references to him and his relatives, among others an inventory of the pictures and other valuables which he left at his death in the year 1674. The list enumerates 181 items, mostly pictures, and those nearly all sea-scapes, which fact, together with his being called as an expert on the doubtful authenticity of a Porcellis, proves him to have been a marine painter. His pictures were signed B. C. K., his full name being Barent Cornelisz. Kleyneknecht. But Dr. Bredius has never seen a work of his hand. "Who knows," he asks, "how many unsigned or falsely signed pictures in Simon de Rieger's manner were actually done by Kleyneknecht?"

A great many other wrong ascriptions will have to be rectified by the test of Dr. Bredius's discoveries. Pictures showing a still life of peaches and signed A. C., and up to now attributed to Albert Cuyp, are all probably the work of another Dordrecht artist, Abraham Calraet, whom the author, on the strength of his documents, proves to have spelt his name with C, whereas his brother wrote himself Barent van Kalraadt.

Thus justice is done to wronged talent by dusty deeds drawn up by scriveners' clerks and law agents. But a great deal more can be gleaned from them. What was the value of a picture in those days? When Evelyn visited Rotterdam, on August 13, 1641, he was astonished to see so many pictures exhibited for sale in the annual mart, which then happened to be in full swing: "The reason of this store of pictures, and their cheapness, proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer laying out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity."

I am afraid that Mr. Evelyn, as a foreigner, was made to pay through the nose, for a farmer who invested three thousand pounds in pictures must have been the owner of a gallery of little less than fifteen hundred canvases and panels. The average price of a good picture in those days was twenty-five guilders (ten dollars). In May, 1664, died the painter and art-dealer, Cornelis Doeck, and the inventory of his possessions drawn up at the request of his sisters enumerates more than 400 pictures, including work by Beerstraten, Berckheyde, and Pieter Claesz., which were valued at 2,600 guilders, or 1,040 dollars. The bulk of this collection was evidently of inferior quality. An art-dealer of more importance was Johannes de Renialme, whose stock was twice taken, in 1640 and again after his death in 1657. Great names figure in both these lists: a heath by Jan van Goyen is, in 1640, valued at twelve guilders, a landscape by Hercules Leghers at eighteen guilders, a portrait by Jacob Backer at forty, a priest by Rembrandt at 100 guilders. That Rembrandt's genius was duly recognized by his contemporaries is proved by the inventory of 1657. There figures the famous picture of the woman taken in adultery, now in the National Gallery in London, valued at the enormous price of 1,500 guilders, immediately followed by a portrait of the Princess of Orange by Van Dyck, worth only 300 guilders. The same amount, and a gold chain into the bargain, was in 1642 paid by the corporation of Leiden to Jan Lievens for his Scipio Africanus. But that was an order to be executed for a town council, whose members may have scorned to bargain with the artist about his terms. A valuation in which the painter had no say is a more trustworthy gauge of the esteem in which his work was held by the connoisseurs of his own time.

Another test of an artist's popularity is afforded by these old records in repeated references to copies after their work. Among the collection left by Cornelis de Bie, an Amsterdam painter of whose large output of pictures only four are now known to exist, were three copies after Aert van der Neer, which is the more astonishing as the

**Künstler-Inventare.* Urkunden zur Geschichte der holländischen Kunst des XVI, XVII, und XVIIIten Jahrhunderts, von Dr. A. Bredius, unter Mitwirkung von Dr. O. Hirschmann, Erster Teil. (Haag: Martinus Nijhoff, 1915.)

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latter was still alive in the year of De Bie's death (1664). Were such copies made to order, or were they considered good exercises for an artist's pupils who were to get hold of the master's touch by mechanical imitation? That is a question which is not answered by these records. They reveal but little about the way in which the painters of those days learned their craft. There are a few deeds among the collection from which we learn how much a pupil had to pay his master for board and teaching. Jan Lievens, who ranked among the greatest in his lifetime, undertakes to teach the son of Mr. Jeremias Godijn, wine merchant at The Hague, for the term of two years, and is to receive for his lessons and eighteen months' board and lodging (during the first six months of his apprenticeship the boy is to live with his parents) the amount of 100 guilders in wine. This seems ridiculously little, but the artist's profit must have been in the sale of his pupil's paintings, which, according to a stipulation in the contract, Jan Lievens might dispose of as his own. A lesser celebrity, Jacob Coningh, who lived at Copenhagen, was even satisfied with forty guilders a year. But the same Lievens received a sum of 100 guilders for a year's teaching from two young men at Amsterdam, who in 1669 made a statement to that effect before an Amsterdam notary. He probably adapted his terms to his pupils' pecuniary circumstances. But even that sum cannot have defrayed the expense of their board. Cornelis Dusart owed his landlady when he died the sum of 422 guilders and 8 stivers for boarding his pupil, Wijnand de Haas, for two years, a month, and ten days, "the year being reckoned at 200 guilders because of the time being so expensive."

So the principal inducement for an artist to take in pupils must have been the help he could get from them in several ways and the profit derived from the sale of their work. Many a canvas that bears the stamp and the signature of a great master's hand may partly be the work of a gifted pupil. A year before his death Dusart sold, for the sum of thirty-five guilders, a picture started by his master, Adriaan van Ostade, and finished by himself. And in the inventory of the splendid collection of pictures by Dutch and Italian masters, sculpture, prints, books, and other valuables, left by him when he died in 1704, were contained several pictures "begun by Isaack van Ostade and finished by the deceased." Now, Isaack van Ostade died in 1649, and Dusart was born in 1660. The likeliest explanation is that Adriaan van Ostade possessed a number of canvases left unfinished by his brother Isaack, which he set Dusart to finish in the days of his apprenticeship. Such glimpses into the artist's studio are worth long dithyrambs on his genius, from which we learn less about the man they praise than about the eulogist's skill in writing. They lend reality to the imaginative picture of these noble workers in the intimacy of their everyday life, such as we love to evoke from the past.

Correspondence.

AMERICA'S HELP TO EUROPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have spoken the magic word. Your paragraph quoting Cardinal Mercier is nearer to an *adequate* plea for more Red Cross help to Europe (from the United States) than any I have before seen.

Relative to our wealth, we have as yet contributed next to nothing to alleviate the awful carnage in Europe—a small fraction of one per cent.! The paucity of our offering is—in a negative way—the most damning indictment of this country since we abolished slavery. As an American I not only blush, but I fear. It is proof positive that our wealth is becoming our curse, that we are mercenary to a degree as shameful as it is ominous. I wish this paragraph might have a page to itself in every issue of your influential paper until in far, far more generous measure our wealth goes to alleviate this stupendous tragedy. Let Mr. Wilson speak. Let every United States Senator and Representative and Governor speak—yes, and every editor and clergyman and teacher. And, by every consideration of what is humane and just, let our capitalists *act.* They could spare billions, and not feel it. And meantime, profoundly earnest thanks to you for your repeated appeals in this sacred behalf. X.

Hartford, Conn, December 31, 1915.

IF THE KAISER HAD BEEN THE COLONEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: No doubt every American is convinced that Mr. Roosevelt is more than able to defend himself. With this conviction it is folly for the humble citizen to shoulder the "Big Stick," unless in his own behalf. But the editorial published in the *Nation* of December 23 entitled "If the Colonel Had Been the Kaiser" does afford me the opportunity to satisfy a curiosity of which I have been guilty a long time. The speculation of the writer is based on a sentence in the *Metropolitan Magazine:* "Over a year ago I [Mr. Roosevelt] pointed out that it was the duty of the United States to champion the integrity of the neutral rights of Belgium against the lawless conduct of belligerent Germany." In commenting upon this, the *Nation* takes the position that Mr. Roosevelt, had he been the Kaiser, "would have invaded Belgium without scruple, and . . . would have glorified it as an act of the highest international righteousness." In defence of this statement, the *Nation* declares that Mr. Roosevelt violated our treaty of 1846 with Colombia when he executed the negotiations preliminary to building the Panama Canal.

I am curious to know what justification there can be for comparing the Kaiser's breach of Belgium's neutrality with Mr. Roosevelt's handling of the Colombia-Panama affair. The *Nation,* in the quotation from the treaty of 1846, fails to include the advantages accruing to this country, in compensation for which the perfect neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama is guaranteed. Were not these "advantages" the guarantees of Colombia that the United States be granted the free and open right of way across the Isthmus of Panama by any mode of communication which might be constructed? But Colombia, when the usurper Maroquin was dictator, and after repeated assurances to this Government that she favored the building of the canal, rejected the Hay-Herran treaty. Maroquin, for reasons which good historians acknowledge to have been blackmail, broke the treaty of 1846. Is not a treaty between two parties "dead" when one party fails to live up to his share of the agreement? Were we bound to fulfil the conditions imposed on us after the Government in Bogota had rejected unanimously its obligations?

The *Nation* calls the revolution begun in Panama November 3, 1903, a fraudulent one. The newspapers of the day prove that Mr. Roosevelt had no hand in bringing about this revolution. He simply "forgot" the treaty already broken by Colombia, and recognized Panama as a republic, an action in which other great Powers followed him. In view of the necessity that this nation build the canal, a necessity imposed by the highest interests of all nations and the morality of our foreign relations, did not Mr. Roosevelt do right? John Hay spoke of this action in terms of admiration, "The action of the President in the Panama matter is not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, and in line with all the best precedents of our public policy, but it was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations."

Belgium was not asked for the privilege of invading her territory. Belgium was not breaking a treaty when she resisted the invasion. Belgium was compelled to pay huge indemnities to Germany, although her inhabitants were starving, and subjected to a process of terrorization which included murder. In the face of these facts, the *Nation* states that Mr. Roosevelt would have violated the treaty by which Belgium's neutrality was preserved with less compunction than the Kaiser has shown.

On the contrary, the facts prove that had the Kaiser been the Colonel, the United States would have invaded Colombia, exacted an enormous indemnity from the Government, shot the usurper, Maroquin, in his own house, and annexed what is now the Republic of Panama. In addition to this, had the Kaiser been the Colonel, he would have imprisoned the man who wrote the editorial in the *Nation.* With the facts I have at my disposal I cannot doubt these conclusions. Can you bring forward any facts which will allow me to change my opinion? Carl S. Gladfelter.

Springfield, Ill., December 25, 1915.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAPITOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A number of recent publications which have occasion to refer to the early history of the Capitol in Washington have confidently employed or commended as wholly trustworthy the conclusions of Mr. Glenn Brown, in his official "History of the United States Capitol," published in 1900-1903. The latest instance occurs in one of Mr. Richard F. Bach's series of articles, "Books on Colonial Architecture," in the *Architectural Record* for December, where Mr. Brown's work is elaborately praised as "the sort of history which many of our early buildings deserve." Such approval, apparently in danger of becoming universal, should not be without some serious qualification which the diffusion of the view

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emboldens the writer to suggest through the *Nation*.

One must willingly concede, first of all, that Mr. Brown's work has represented a marked advance in research in our architectural history. His services as the collector of a wealth of material must always continue to be recognized. In the important respects of thoroughness, accuracy, and impartiality, however, the "History of the United States Capitol," judged by increasingly stricter standards, will now be found defective, and thus in need of revision. That portion of Volume I relating to the first competition for the Capitol and the early history of the building may be regarded as the most important. It deals with the formative period, involved in controversy, of which the records are scanty. In this part of the work even casual inspection reveals many inconsistencies and errors. The plates showing Stephen Hallet's successive designs for the Capitol are not only not arranged in chronological sequence, which in this case has an important bearing on any conclusions as to the responsibility for the design, but the plans and elevations referred to in the text as sets do not even match. A comparison of the quotations from documents with the documents themselves shows often serious differences and omissions. One can scarcely believe them to be wilful distortions; the most charitable explanation would be carelessness. This negligence in the use of documents results frequently, however, in misinterpretations of the material, usually to the benefit of the cause Mr. Brown is pleading. Graphic and written documents, instead of being closely compared, seem to have been studied separately. For example, the marginal notes on the drawings, though sometimes added subsequently and by different hands, have been preferred by Mr. Brown to the evidence of the contemporary written documents.

Mr. Brown's whole-hearted espousal of the theory of Dr. Thornton's authorship of the building correspondingly detracts from his estimate of Hallet, Hadfield, Latrobe, and even Bulfinch, whereas an impartial review of the field would have given Dr. Thornton due appreciation without injustice to his contemporaries. Thus, in spite of the elaborate "History of the Capitol," many fundamental questions still call for a reconsideration. A few of these questions the present writer is attempting to canvass in a forthcoming study, and it is to forestall a premature finality of judgment that he ventures to offer these criticisms on a work of undoubted value.

WELLS BENNETT.

Ann Arbor, Mich., December 18, 1915.

"UNFORTIFIED BRAINS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the experience of the unhappy professor in a State university of the Middle West who found—and told the *Nation*—that most freshmen had never even heard of Gallipoli and its importance in recent days, it may be shrewdly suspected that some, at least, of the previous instructors of the unfortunate lads must have been in a similar state of nebulosity themselves.

But, on the other hand, it may be patriotically noted that Gallipoli is in a foreign country, and, such being the case, what have we, free and enlightened Americans, to do with "abroad"? Is not America good enough for us? etc., etc.

The good professor ought not to feel downhearted. There are others on the mourners' bench beside him. Six years ago, in a meeting of educators called to discuss a new programme of studies for elementary schools in a large city of the Middle West, the present writer urged that less attention be paid to minute points in American history, and that at least a bowing acquaintance with recent non-American history be cultivated, citing, for example, the French Revolution, the formation of the German Empire, and the unification of Italy, with a glance at Mexican and South American history.

The United States, it was argued, had ceased to play the rôle of the great hermit nation of the world, and was bound to have more and more intimate relations with the rest of the world; the average citizen got his education from the grammar schools; the Government could not rise much above the level of its constituents; and, finally, popular ignorance of foreign affairs might become a source of serious danger to the country.

It may be interesting to note how these economic axioms, manifest political commonplaces, were received. As a matter of fact, the suggestion was "turned down flat," the chairman—or, to be correct, the chairwoman—holding that the idea was unreasonable, untenable, and (presumably) unthinkable. The discussion was turned into other and rational channels without more ado.

The incident is fairly typical and could probably be duplicated in most American city school systems. It goes to show the persistence of the traditionally narrow and provincial outlook of many American educators. At the same time it explains, without excusing, the shameful ignorance of the rising generation in regard to events occurring outside of the United States.

In due course of time some of the elementary-school pupils reach the State universities; the limitations of the mental horizons of these youths are a painful puzzle and surprise to the professors. There is no mystery about it.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, December 20, 1915.

THE STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an undergraduate of the university to which your correspondent, "X," refers (*Nation*, December 9), I should like to have a word on the subject, "A Bombardment of Unfortified Brains."

At the particular institution which "X" mentions, the students are not wholly to blame for their state of mental unpreparedness. The university curriculum (which, I assume, is not different from the average) is largely retrospective, offering unlimited pasturage for those who want to browse in the past. On the other hand, the same curriculum offers great stimulus to the future activity of the students. But, barring a single "course in current events," the curriculum does nothing to fill the gap produced by the amazing ignorance which "X" discovered, and which is generally, and very cheerfully, granted by the students with whom I have talked about the matter.

To be sure, students are occasionally exhorted to "keep up with the times." There are plenty of newspapers and periodicals in the library. But many students whose daily programme is crowded, and who consequently have a limited time to devote to such reading, turn, as a matter of student loyalty, to the college daily, and trust to it for all their news. And here I wish to say that our college paper, some believe, has been forbidden, either directly or indirectly, to print any matter concerning the war. Others attribute the fact that the war has never been even mentioned to the paper's own desire to avoid possible hard feelings. But the fact remains: here is this paper, the "laboratory," so-called, of journalism, that for eighteen months, now, has not cared, or dared, to make any mention of this great world-subject.

If the college daily purports to embody everything that pertains to student life, then by omitting momentous outside happenings it must consider them not pertinent to the lives of the students. Or it may be that this so-called "laboratory," where student life is weighed, measured, and classified, is missing one of the greatest experiments of all time by deliberately avoiding all news of the war; and for no greater reason, apparently, than that the news is unfit for the minds of the students, or that mention of the war might ruffle the academic calm.

The authorities are justified in asking students to support college journalism. Professors are to be commended for urging students to "keep up with the times." But why doesn't college journalism serve this end? Can it give real training and teach true standards while it delicately draws a curtain before Europe in 1914 and 1915?

Great censure is undoubtedly due students who will not realize the value of finding out for themselves what is going on outside of alma mater; but the blame must be shared by the counterfeit system of university news service, which results in such an exhibition of mental unpreparedness as "X" faithfully depicts.

"Y."

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Being greatly interested in all that concerns children, I was much gratified by an article which appeared in your issue of December 2 on "Children's Books." My opinions coincide absolutely with those expressed by P. E. M. The demand for the books to which he alludes, and which flood the market, must exist, but what an enfeebling, if not absolutely pernicious effect, such material has on the mind! If parents would select books and read with their children the parts in which the latter would be interested, this could be made the foundation of character as well as of intelligence and education. I speak from experience; when my youngest son was certainly not more than four, we read Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers"; we all became so interested in the men who constructed the great lighthouses, their characters, methods of work, discouragements, etc., the Stevensons in their great work of inventing both stationary and locomotive engines; it was delightful and fascinating. The "Life of Thomas Edward," the great Scotch naturalist, was thrilling and teeming with interest. Arabella Buckley's "Fairy Land of Science," "Life and Her Children," etc., were indeed fairy land. I could enumerate many others just as charming; then we had MacDonald's lovely story, "At the Back of the North Wind," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," Kingsley's "Water Babies," etc., but

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almost any book can be taken and adapted to little folks with a little effort. Mothers especially should allow no outside interests to usurp the time which belongs to their precious children, for whom they are absolutely responsible. Conn says, in "Social Heredity and Social Evolution": "It is not simply heredity, but the atmosphere and companionship of the first years that make or mar a destiny," and Lord Brougham wrote: "Implant in a child the habit of holding truth sacred and respecting the property of others, and keeping himself conscientiously from all ill-considered acts, that might plunge him into ruin, and he will be as unlikely to lie, steal, or run into debt as to go where he is unable to breathe."

A few days ago, on approaching the Carnegie Library, I saw a small boy, not more than ten, sitting on the stone steps absorbed in a book. I love children, and as my white hair permits liberties in which a younger woman might not indulge, I stopped and inquired the title of this fascinating book. The startled boy looked up, dazed; he had evidently been far away, an actor in the scenes of which he read; when he recovered from his surprise, he replied: "Joan of Arc." I laughed and said: "Oh! that is a great story, isn't it?" He smiled back a keen appreciation of my sympathy. NANCY DEAN.

Washington, December 13, 1915.

PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To people wofully in need of guidance, the catalogue issued by French to help amateurs in selecting plays gives no information beyond the number and sex of actors, and whether the work is comedy, tragedy, farce, or drama. Hence the list of plays for amateurs issued by the Drama League fills an enormous gap in the dramatic needs of our every-day life. It is compiled by Professor Clapp, of Lake Forest College, who has done a thorough and valuable piece of work. He has wisely neglected most of the old standbys, and has picked out the best of the new plays, plays that are bits of life and are based on ideas. Not only has he selected well, but he has described well. He gives all the needful information—the "French" facts, a brief synopsis of the plot, whether he thinks it hard or easy to do, and then ends with a word about the staging and copyright.

The list is prepared from Mr. Clapp's rich experiences as a teacher and from valuable associations with some of the best amateur and professional actors in America. In search of plays he has roamed from London to Chicago, and has had help from amateurs all over the country. The list is truly national in the spirit of its preparation, but in the selection of plays it is more English than American. This is not at all surprising to one who knows the American stage. We have no Miss Horniman to discover new writers for us, and the one-act play has always been considered a short-winded trifle or a slap-stick absurdity, rather than a dramatic short story worthy of every artistic touch and stimulating idea. Of Mr. Clapp's list of nearly 200 plays, at least three-fourths are "Einakters," many of them by new men just beginning to be known in America. Such are Harold Brighouse, Gertrude Robins, W. B. Maxwell, George Paston, Edward Parry, and Gertrude Jennings, people who have written flawless bits of dramatic realism, and who first won recognition through the repertory theatres of England. America lags sadly behind England on the list, both in artistry of work and in number of writers. If ever the Einakter does come into its own with us Mr. Clapp may take much of the credit to himself. His list introduces admirable models to American actors and writers and lightens immeasurably the Sisyphean task of selecting a play for amateurs. FRANK R. ARNOLD.

Logan, Utah, December 28, 1915.

Notes from the Capital

HENRY FORD.

A "plain man of the people" who looks sixty years of age, but undoubtedly is a good deal younger, of medium size, spare habit, colorless skin, and neutral-tinted hair which might have been brushed with his hands, clad in a dark, shapeless suit that sits on him as if placed there with a pitchfork: such is your first impression of Henry Ford, inventor, millionaire, reformer, and human target for the paragraphers. The far-away expression of his eyes warns you that he is an eccentric, his large mouth is rendered larger in effect by an almost perpetual smile which is one of benevolence rather than of humor, and his manner of address has a quality which might be mistaken for timidity, but is really only the hesitancy of one poor at translating his thoughts into words. For he is neither a scholar nor an orator, and what he has had to say to the world he has said through his deeds.

The public knows Mr. Ford chiefly as the inventor of an automobile which, in the language of one satirist, has "made walking a luxury," and of a futile scheme for bringing peace to a war-racked continent. How a single mind could evolve two ideas so widely variant in practicality has puzzled multitudes; and yet, when you know the man and his history, the phenomenon ceases to excite your wonder. In his early days Ford had a struggle with poverty through which he acquired a strong sympathy with the men and women with whom he then brushed elbows; and after he had settled down to the manufacture of automobile machinery he resolved to construct a car which should be so cheap that almost any steady earner of fair wages could afford one, and which could be used not only for strictly utilitarian purposes, but for a family holiday outing as well. Doubtless, without realizing it, he had struck a great popular vein; for no sooner had his industry got a start than orders began to pour in more rapidly than he could respond to them, and in an inconceivably short time he was numbered among the rich men of the country.

Here was undreamed-of wealth and nothing to spend it on. He had no extravagant habits or tastes, and Mrs. Ford's desires were equally modest. Why not, then, return a large part of the surplus profit to the men whose mechanical skill and to the customers whose patronage had won it for him? This unique distribution paved the way for other projects that lay near his heart. Intoxicants and cigarettes were two of the worst evils with which he had had to contend among the young men in his works; and now that he was able to make employment in the Ford shops so desirable pecuniarily, he felt that he had a strong initial leverage on the men he hoped to fortify against their own appetites. Thus, step by step, he extended his sphere of influence, sometimes by wise methods and sometimes by foolish.

All this led up by a perfectly natural process to the recent fiasco. Sincere himself in his hatred and horror of war, to the point of being willing to make any sacrifice in his resolve to bring about the triumph of reason over force, it never entered his mind that others who had declared a similar disposition did not share to the full his spirit of martyrdom. Hence he issued his sweeping invitation to the friends of peace to join his expedition to Europe for the purpose of ending the war instanter. Of course, every self-seeker with nothing better to do saw here a golden opportunity. Persons who wished a tour abroad without expense, including a woman with four babies who could not be anything but an impediment to any work on the battlefield, rushed forward to procure places on his peace ship. Here and there a real philanthropist manifested an interest in his plan, but found reason for dropping out before the fatal moment. Every writer for the press who saw in the affair a chance to make some sensational "feature copy" applied for a berth. It was a motley gathering that filled the vessel, but Ford's infatuation with his humane conceit was such that he could not see what was impending, in spite of the efforts of his best friends to press the truth upon him. When he did awake, it was too late; his expedition had not only utterly failed of its purpose, but had given the cause of peace a serious backset by drawing general derision upon it. The only critics who treated him seriously were certain old-world magnates who could not get the American perspective on him.

If I read him aright, Ford will not relinquish his peace propaganda, but it will take other forms. Meanwhile, he will devote his attention to his business, now grown to the proportions of a little world in itself. For recreation he will expand the work on his big farm near Detroit, where his principal crop is free wild birds. It is planted with trees and shrubs specially chosen with reference to the tastes of his feathered guests, for whom he has built houses and artificial nests on scientific lines, and before whom he daily spreads viands as carefully selected as those for his own table, while their drinking water in freezing weather is tempered by an electric heater. A recent census shows that twenty-four different species of birds are enjoying his hospitality so well that a group, including song sparrows, cardinals, goldfinches, and even robins, have given up their annual flitting southward and faced the rigors of a Canadian-border winter for the sake of such uncommon comforts as he prepares for them.

It has been rather the fashion to rail at Ford's oddities; but if we take them all impartially into account and try to strike a just balance, putting into one scale his worst mistakes and infirmities, and into the other his peculiar acts which are prompted by pure kindness and do no one harm, I suspect that he will take pretty high rank, as man and citizen, among the millionaires of his generation. TATTLER.

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Literature

THE PRINCIPLES OF STRATEGY.

Sea, Land, and Air Strategy: A Comparison. By Sir George Aston, K.C.B., Colonel R.M.A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

"The work of the peace strategist," says the author of this book, "is dull." We shall take leave to say that this dulness is, partly at least, reflected upon books professing to treat of strategy, if only because this particular work in some sort escapes the dreariness of the class to which it belongs. This happy result is due, we believe, to the broad field covered by its author, no less than to the pleasant, at times almost familiar, style in which he has set forth his arguments and deductions. Certainly he is a man of courage who would undertake to treat the whole subject of strategy, not merely land strategy, but the sea and the air as well, within the compass of 300 pages printed in large type. If we may be philosophical for a moment, there are no such things as land strategy, sea strategy, air strategy. If strategy be immutable, its principles should be universal, and their application should follow the same general laws, in no matter what medium. Perhaps we shall some day see this view of the subject accepted, unless meanwhile war shall have ceased to be, which may God grant!

We are far from implying that Sir George has risen to this dizzy height of strategic eminence, but indubitably he has taken a step in this upward direction. Let us observe that his book is no textbook; one may read it currently, holding it in the hand, an impossibility with the usual self-respecting treatise on strategy. In the next place, let us further observe that he has made little or no use of maps; now how can a strategy book be without maps? For, of course, strategy is wedded to the collective rivers, mountains, barriers, passes, roads, and the like, that form, as it were, the boundaries or axes of the areas over which military results are to be integrated. But it is conceivable that in the growth of the subject its principles may become so generalized as to be independent of any special configuration whatever. When this gets to be the case, no maps will be needed, save in special instances serving as deductions from the general law.

Sir George, at the outset of his book, makes the strong point—it is not new—that the action of the authorities, whether of the Minister of War at home, of the general with his armies in the field, or of the admiral on the high seas, must wait on the national policy, as determined by the temper of the people, and on a host of other factors of the first importance to the issue, over which the military authorities have in general no control. Hence the extraordinary (temporary) success of the Germans. In other words, strategical problems, existing as they do in peace as well as in war, strike their roots deep down into the very being of the nation undertaking to solve them; it is not merely a question of what best to do once the combatants are at each others' throats. For example, there is the question of finance; everybody knows that war is the most costly operation possible, but the relation of cost to effort is not within the bailiwick of most general staffs, who, nevertheless, once the ball has opened, are held responsible as though it were. Whereas most authors confine themselves in general to the purely military phases of the subject, Sir George introduces as factors not only this matter of finance, but others as well, all of which must be taken into the fullest account before any strictly strategical business whatever can be undertaken. Hence his book, although written before the present war, seems to have a sort of prophetic quality, seems to lack the detachment of more seriously scientific treatises. In illustration, we may mention, among other chapters, two on Coast Defence and on the Invasion of Islands, respectively, subjects not usually found in strategical books, but exciting considerable interest at the present day. But the chapter on Fortification, in its land relations at least, will have to be rewritten, and a sharp distinction drawn between fortifications proper, *e. g.*, Liège, Maubeuge, and defensive works, which, indeed, in our day have ceased to be "works" and have become continuous lines.

The feature of this book, however, is its inclusion of the sea and of the air. Usually, whenever the subject permits of it, a decomposition is made between land and sea; thus we have "plans of campaign," with subdivisions into the "offensive on land," "the defensive on land," and then the "offensive and defensive at sea." It is as though the author wished to fortify his discussion by passing from the known and proved experience of land-warfare to the less known and proved experience of sea-warfare. If armies and fleets combine on a single objective, we have "amphibious strategy." There is little to detain us in these portions of the book. But it must be admitted, we think, that the time has not yet come to speak of air strategy. The author himself asks "whether recent developments in the art of flying compel us to study strategy in three dimensions." In fact, having set himself the task of doing the strategy of the air, the author seems to be somewhat at a loss. Much of what he has to say in respect of aircraft, however sound, is not strategy at all. The truth is that so far the functions of aircraft are still only two in number: the acquisition of information and the infliction of material damage. The second is not strategy, although it may conceivably prevent or assist a strategical combination; the first bears to strategy precisely the same relation as any other means of getting and sending in news of strategical value. In the words of the text, "at their present stage of development and numerical strength, we must consider aircraft chiefly in their relationship to the operations of . . . fleets and armies," that is, they have, *pace* the title of the book, no intrinsic strategic quality. That the strategy of the air will come into being when air fleets struggle for its mastery, as sea fleets for that of the sea, no one ought to be rash enough to deny; but until that moment shall have arrived, we are not authorized to speak of it as existing.

For light upon this, as on other war subjects, we must await the conclusion of the European struggle, when we shall find perhaps that many of our ideas hitherto regarded as fixed must give way to the experience acquired in that colossal contest.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wood and Stone: A Romance. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

The *Nation* has commented favorably upon two recent books by this author, "The War and Culture" and "Visions and Revisions," a volume of studies in appreciation sufficiently described in the sub-title as "a book of literary devotions." They are the work of a highly active and well-informed mind and of a cunning hand. Its style, though of a florid type now generally distrusted, is evidently natural and not seldom impressive. If proof were needed of its genuineness, its maintenance in this third and very different sort of book should suffice. On his title-page Mr. Powys calls this a romance, and in his preface an eccentric story. He further explains it as an attempt to controvert the Nietzschean theory of the ill-constituted and the well-constituted; to trace "the curious labyrinthine subtleties which mark the difference—a difference to be observed in actual life, quite apart from moral values—between the type of person who might be regarded as born to rule, and the type of person who might be regarded as born to be ruled over."

After that, the reader might expect to find himself in for almost anything in the way of philosophy veneered with dialogue. But a criticism obligingly composed by the publisher has already caught his eye, before he has so much as opened the volume. "Following the lead of the great Russian Dostoievsky, he proceeds boldly to lay bare the secret passions, the unacknowledged motives and impulses which lurk below the placid-seeming surface of ordinary human nature." To be a Dostoievsky in art while routing Nietzsche in philosophy would seem a rather large order. Luckily, when one really gets into the book itself, all this thundering in the index is readily enough forgotten. The scene is laid in Thomas Hardy's country, the book is inscribed to him. For a time it threatens to be nothing more than a fresh ruling of that strange law which ordains that people who turn the novel into a vehicle for realism or philosophy, or any other abstraction, commonly end by celebrating Priapus.

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There is a good deal of sex here, a good deal of dwelling upon the sexual act and its approaches. But we never quite feel that they are dwelt upon for their own sake, or grossly, or irreverently. On the whole, the book brings to mind not Dostoievsky, or Hardy, or any modern, but Landor, or, perhaps more truly, Peacock. Mr. Powys's heroine, if he may be said to have one, is the slender pathos and passion and charm of feminine youth. Over this embodiment of the Will to Love he broods, as Peacock did, with gentle irony. One thinks of Peacock also as these characters meet to talk, and talk so comfortably in character. Quincunx the recluse, Taxater the theologian and lover of good wine, are of Peacock's quizzical brood; and something like his is the atmosphere of humane speculation which marks the book as a whole. Whether or not this is strictly a story, even an eccentric story, it is that rarer thing, a book of distinctive flavor.

Lot & Co. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Some baleful hypnotic influence must have constrained the author of "Routledge Rides Alone" to do an imitation of a Conrad novel. It seems to us he does it very badly, delivering himself with immense stylistic effort upon a sort of moralizing theme—the spiritual enfranchisement, as 'twere, of a bond slave of the business world. One Bellair had been serving Mammon in the office of Lot & Co. (a commercial sepulchre well whited was Lot & Co.), starving his soul between the ledger and the boarding house, his better instincts painfully desiccating in the arid New York air. The inspiration comes to him to leave Lot & Co.—a sea voyage would restore his moral tone—and he embarks for New Zealand on an old-fashioned sailing boat. On the deck of this craft sits the captain, huge, hairy, insatiably hungry and thirsty, regaling himself day in and day out till they strike a coral reef. Bellair and three fellow-passengers are rescued after drifting ten days in a small boat. (The captain soon went out of his head on short rations, and mercifully jumped overboard, leaving all his worldly possessions—a goodly fortune—to Bellair). For the survivors starvation has been a profound religious experience. The hungrier they grew, the keener their spiritual insight, the more exalted their sense of duty. To Bellair his companions of the vigil, a self-sacrificing man, a woman consecrated to her infant's care, become the only possible human ideals. The man, a prospective missionary, succumbs after the rescue; the woman, proud in her devotion to her illegitimate child, gradually reveals herself to Bellair as the desideratum of all things feminine. A brief return to New York proves to him that ideals like these can never be realized there. A real altruist is only under suspicion in New York. He has but to display his sentiments and he at once appears outlandish. His alien state is made plain to him by his former employers, his fellow-workers, his old landlady, but most particularly by Bessie, the cabaret singer, whom he disinterestedly helped to her "chance" and who rather contemptuously dismisses him as an "odd fish" because the quality of his generosity so far exceeds her calculations. So back to New Zealand, and the true woman, and the noble life forevermore.

It should be noted that the absurdities of this outline are not thus glaringly exposed in the story itself, but all is beatified by a cloud of fine feeling as thick as a London fog.

Broken Shackles. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Co.

For want of a better term we must, we suppose, call Mr. Oxenham's latest book a war romance. It is, indeed, compounded of equal parts of war and romance. You can take the one and leave the other if you like, or you can toss off the whole and savor the contrast between the liquid fire and the saccharine balm. In the first part of the book the author narrates, in spirited fashion, Bourbaki's disastrous campaign, which ended the Franco-Prussian War. This is history pure and simple, save for the parts played by De Valle and his two comrades in arms—three musketeers whose conception is clearly derived from Mr. Oxenham's great master. When we have followed the fortunes of the luckless, forlorn hope, ill-armed, ill-fed, and wretchedly led, and, with De Valle, have cast down our sword on the threshold of Switzerland, where the shattered remnant finds asylum, we have witnessed heroism unspeakable and unspeakable despair, but have won our way to where men still busy themselves with the kindly offices of life, where the face of the earth is unmarred by man's cruelty, and where one need fear no enemy but winter and rough weather.

There is no reason why the book should not end here—a vivid war story told in the author's most craftsmanlike manner. But Mr. Oxenham is a fair man, and feels that a bare 150 pages is not quite what we expect, even in this age of modest tomes. So he sets off again with a pleasant idyl of Swiss life, in which we accompany De Valle in his pursuit of a great happiness, wherein he forgets the horrors of the campaign and the disaster which had darkened his earlier years. This disaster was his marriage with a rich, heartless woman, from whom his separation is more or less satisfactorily completed by the report of his death in the final defeat at Pontarlier and his change of name. His love for Christine Bayr, with whom his lot is cast in the peaceful industry of the commune, raises the question whether his wife's second marriage justifies him in marrying again, a problem the solution of which may not meet with the approbation of the purist. But, after all, Christine was a Lutheran, and Luther had no rooted prejudice against bigamy; though, in justice to Christine, it must be said that she does not discover the true state of affairs—at least so far as we know. If she ever did find out—well, she loved De Valle, and with reason, and the Switzers seem to be dowered with a large share of saving common-sense.

Sandsy's Pal. By Gardner Hunting. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Sandsy's Pal" is a charming little story of two boys and a dog—Sandsy, a gentleman's son; Larry, a waif, and Bob, a big collie, whom Larry happens to save from a fire kindled by Sandsy, while he was imitating the practices of young campers. Through a series of not incredible circumstances the boys go to New York and get jobs in a big advertising concern, where their quality is tested. The style of this little book is straightforward, and its spirit admirable. It will entertain, and even, in unobjectionable manner, convey valuable lessons.

THE DISCOVERY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The Principles of Understanding. By Henry Sturt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Those who approach a work of scientific psychology with the reverence befitting positive science are often perplexed to discover that the scientific study of what in the last analysis is most intimately ourselves yields a result apparently foreign to all personal experience. The fact seems to be that the scientific study of soul, much more interested in science than in soul, ceases from the very outset to deal with spiritual realities and applies its so-called "analysis" wholly to certain metaphorical or symbolic substitutes for soul, sanctioned as scientifically reputable, such, for example, as pictures or images. To represent your mental life or mine as a series of pictures, which can be analyzed into parts, and ordered into temporal or spatial relations, gives us a comfortable feeling of getting down to the solid fact. Yet the really solid fact is that pictures know nothing. Considered in itself, apart from interpretation through personal intelligence, the film of a kinetoscope is no more of a spiritual fact than a row of poker-chips or a ton of coal. It is, therefore, no ground for surprise when the scientific psychologist announces as the conclusion of his investigations the discovery that the soul—the self, or the person—is, after all, nothing but a certain temporal combination of states, or pictures. Everything spiritual, everything psychological, everything that could differentiate a knowing from an unknowing being, has been carefully excluded at the outset; and from beginning to end the psychologist has been laboriously analyzing, not mind, but an accepted scientific model of mind.

This has been the vice of the would-be scientific psychology from its beginning in the older associationism. Twenty years ago Stout's "Analytical Psychology" offered a promise of something more suggestive of mind, but the promise remained unfulfilled. The book before us, by an Oxford tutor, one

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of the contributors to the volume on "Personal Idealism," is another attempt in the same direction. Unfortunately, the book is too slight in scope, and the writer is not sufficiently certain of his ideas, nor sufficiently master of them, to produce any really far-reaching effect. Yet as far as it goes, "The Principles of Understanding" is a striking and suggestive contribution to the fundamentals of psychology.

One is somewhat perplexed to discover that Mr. Sturt regards his work as an introduction, not to psychology, but to logic. But the fact is illuminating. Traditionally, psychology is supposed to deal with the facts of mind, while logic analyzes their meaning. Yet it would seem that the essence of a mental fact must be simply what it means. But science demands "cold" facts; and therefore we find the psychologist handling his facts as blindly as the letter-carrier handles his letters. Indeed, it seems that the psychologist may undertake a professional analysis of "the æsthetic impulse," or anything else that you may be pleased to suggest, without having ever had the experience. The result is that any consideration of the specifically mental character of mental facts must be relegated to logic, while psychology is left to contemplate their symbolic representatives.

According to Mr. Sturt, the essence of the mental fact lies in what he calls "noesis." Privately, he informs us that noesis is nothing but "intelligence"; but at the hands of psychology "intelligence" has become largely a matter of that kind of passive and mechanical "calculation" which is characteristic of the adding machine, while for Mr. Sturt intelligence is a personal activity, typically expressed in invention. In laying the emphasis upon noesis, Mr. Sturt takes up arms against the traditional associationism which still supplies the mechanism for scientific psychology. According to him, the difference lies in the fact that noesis is total-working, while association is part-working. In the traditional psychology the mind is a series of "mental states," a chain of terms in which each is determined by the link immediately preceding, and by that alone. Noesis means that, on the contrary, every step in a truly mental process is determined by a plan of the whole. Whether we are remembering a piece of music or a series of events, or whether we are engaged in an act of musical or literary composition or of mechanical invention, so far as this is an act of intelligence rather than of mere habit, the next step is never the passive suggestion of the last, but is controlled and determined by our view of the object as a whole and by our whole purpose in dealing with it. In a word, every step in a truly mental process, whatever its relation to passing events, is the expression of ourselves.

From this it follows that we ourselves are not merely so many combinations of originally objective experiences. The object known is not prior, logically or temporally, to the knowing intelligence. On the contrary, every object perceived is "a meeting-point of our purposes. The writer notices his pen rather than any other object which is useless, though of similar appearance, because of what he can do with it. A kitten can do very little with the pen except roll it across the floor and play with it; a caterpillar can do nothing with a pen, at least nothing that would induce it to distinguish the pen from the circumjacent surface." And from this general conception of mind it follows, again, that understanding is not to be separated from will or passion. It is notable, however, that Mr. Sturt does not teach that understanding is, in blindly pragmatic fashion, determined by our desires. Rather does he hold that understanding is implicit in passion, desire, or emotion; in other words, intelligence is implied, as the distinguishing characteristic, in every process that can be described as logical or psychological rather than merely physiological. And this principle he carries to its proper conclusion in refusing to regard even our sensations as merely passive or given "states" or feelings; they, too, are phenomena of personal intelligence.

The presentation of the thesis leaves many questions unanswered. In particular we should like to know how the importance assigned to the sub-conscious is to be reconciled with the emphasis laid upon intelligence. And there are places where one wonders whether the writer is not himself in danger of substituting a schematic model of intelligence, such as the plan or the pattern, for the personal activity. We submit, however, that, for empirical psychology, the idea that the distinguishing characteristic of mind is personal intelligence deserves to rank as a discovery.

MOTHER OF ALL THINGS.

The Holy Earth. By L. H. Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

According to a prefatory note of the publisher, Professor Bailey offers here the first of a series of books embodying his "personal expressions on the important and interesting subjects to which he has devoted his life." These subjects, as a host of readers and students know, include botany, horticulture, and gardening, and agriculture and country life in various larger aspects. The present little volume, however, is the work not of an agriculturist, but of a sage and seer. It is a plea for reverence towards the earth as mother of all things, and for a more intimate relation with her on the part of the many. It is, first of all, not an echo or an enforcement of the popular cries of the hour: "I am not thinking merely of instructing the young in the names and habits of birds and flowers and other pleasant knowledge, though this works strongly towards the desired end; nor of any movement merely to have gardens, or to own farms, although this is desirable, provided one is qualified to own a farm; nor of rhapsodies on the beauties of nature. Nor am I thinking of any new plan or any novel kind of institution or any new agency; rather shall we do better to escape some of the excessive institutionalism and organization. . . . How we may achieve a more widespread contact with the earth on the part of all the people without making them farmers . . . this is my theme."

He sees that the difficulties are great. The farmer, after all, has the best chance of fruitful contact with "holy earth"; and, as methods change, farmers are becoming fewer year by year. Moreover, our city-dwelling habit has given us "a city mind." But the remedy is not that we shall all be prodded into going "back to the land," in the sense of becoming amateur farmers, but that we shall somehow somewhere own a bit of soil to do with as we will—to camp in, and look at, and live with, at least. Much of the earth, Mr. Bailey insists, is not fit for farming, but is fit for human healing and intimacy. Farming itself has changed in character, has become a business, and must be kept from losing its "capacity for spiritual contact." The most striking thing about the book is the prophet's mystical faith in man's future increase of that capacity and its enjoyment. He does not believe in socialistic partition of the earth or in public ownership of land; he believes that somehow "a new map" is to be contrived, which shall give all men their rood of ground for their own uses: "We do not yet see the way to allow them to have what is naturally theirs, but we shall learn how. In that day we shall take down the wonderful towers and cliffs in the cities, in which people work and live, shelf on shelf, but in which they have no home." And in that day we shall have a new literature based upon our new knowledge, a poetry at last inspired by science. Already, he says, "the writing of language for the sake of writing it is losing its hold; but a new, clear, and forceful literature appears." Certainly this is a book written out of a full mind and heart. Its prose is often charged with fine emotion; a mere printer's trick would convert into something better than the "vers libre" of the moment such passages as this:

"Here I look down on a little city. There is a great school in it. There are spires piercing the trees. In the distance are mills, and I see the smoke of good accomplishment roll out over the hillside. It is a self-centred city, full of pride. Every mile-post praises it. Toward it all the roads lead. It tells itself to all the surrounding country. And yet I cannot but feel that these quiet fields and others like them have made this city; but I am glad that the fields are not proud. . . . One day a boy and one day a girl will go down from these fields, and out into the thoroughways of life. They will go far, but these hills they will still call home."

There is something clear, high, and noble about this little volume, a quality of thought and of phrase that distinguishes it as sharply from the hard and sapless character of official scientific writing on the one hand

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as from the lax and conscious character of official literary writing on the other. It is the utterance of a true seer, so rare a sound among us since the voices of Carlyle and Emerson and Ruskin ceased to be heard.

SOCIALISM OF THE HEART.

Practicable Socialism. New Series. By (the late) Canon Barnett and Mrs. S. A. Barnett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Canon and Mrs. Barnett gave the name "Practicable Socialism" to their collected writings on social matters when these first appeared in book form in 1888. In those days (and especially in England) there was much ground for the saying that "no one knows what Socialism means"—a saying which is still in much favor with those of the older generation who have not kept abreast of the times in these matters. This accounts, no doubt, for the fact that in this year of grace a book which has nothing whatever to do with Socialism bears the aforesaid caption.

Canon and Mrs. Barnett, indeed, not merely are not "Socialists" in our present acceptation of the term, but are at the very antipodes of Socialism. The entire series of papers covering subjects as little related as is possible in a general discussion of human activities rests on the fundamental notion that betterment in human social relations must come from within the individual heart, not from external social decree. The distinction is vital and absolutely fundamental, resting as it does on the forking of the two roads at the very inception of the journey. It is significant that the book opens with Canon Barnett's paper on "Religion of the People," first published in 1907, in which he defines religion as "thought about the Higher-than-Self worked through the emotions into the acts of daily life"—not so bad a rendering of the Scholastics' *ordinatio ad Deum* when the unphilosophic quality of the English mind (and the English language) is remembered! While there is no mention at all of religion in many of the papers contained in this volume, the religious *voraussetzung* permeates them all, thus giving them a wholly unsocialistic flavor as well as import. England produces a good deal of this kind of thought and work. She has within her borders terrible poverty on a very large scale, despite the imposing aggregate of "national wealth." It is commonly reckoned that one-third of the total national income goes to one-thirtieth of the people, and that almost one-third of the people are always "in the grip of actual poverty" (p. 250), with a family income below the minimum sum required (theoretically) to keep bodies and souls together. The English mind is impatient of theory and avid of experiment. Hence the fact that it has contributed little or nothing to the development of theoretical Socialism, but has attempted much in the way of practical relief works, borrowing for this purpose the ways of Germany and other countries.

These papers should be interesting to students of "social" work and thought. They reveal a fine nobility of nature on the part of their authors, one of whom, the Canon, is now dead after a life spent in work for others. They will, perhaps, be of more avail in stirring the heart than informing the head. But this is a function which nowadays is the more valuable by reason of the arid and sterile "science" that makes so many modern books on social subjects such tiresome and unprofitable reading.

Academic Societies

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

In all save one important respect, the second annual meeting of the American Association of University Professors, held at Washington December 31-January 1, must be pronounced a disappointment. To begin with, the choice of both the place and the time of meeting was open to serious objection. At least fourteen learned societies, not to mention the Pan-American Scientific Congress, convened at Washington between Christmas and New Year's; and the sessions of the Association, disadvantageously placed on dates commonly observed as holidays or days of festivity, came also at the fag end of a week distractingly full of addresses, discussions, smokers, and receptions. Moreover, besides the aggregation of societies at the capital, other large associations, notably the American Association for the Advancement of Science, were meeting at other points. The inevitable result was a depressingly small attendance at the meetings of the Association of University Professors. The officers of the Association seem not to have perceived that this organization, unlike other great societies of scholars, represents all departments of university teaching and research, and that a satisfactory attendance is not to be hoped for if the Association is to be, as it was this year, a tail to many different kites. An independent meeting, at some other time than the Christmas holidays, would seem to be one of the lessons to be learned from the experience of this year at Washington.

In the second place, the business meetings, occupying two of the three sessions, resembled nothing so much as the fabled moment of creation, when the earth was without form, and void, and when darkness was upon the face of the deep. The officers of the Association, whose industry and devotion no one could question, had apparently allowed themselves to become so engrossed with the issue of academic freedom as to leave them no time for proper consideration of the interests of the Association as a whole. The minutes of the first annual meeting, upon whose record the proper treatment of important matters depended, could not be found when called for. A form of constitution, reported by a committee to which it had been referred a year ago for "stylistic revision," was hurriedly accepted, notwithstanding the fact that discussion of it revealed serious omissions, obscurities, and inconsistencies. A number of recommendations from the council were so loosely framed as to make it difficult either to appraise or to act upon them; while the entire list of nominations for council membership, printed and distributed to members in advance of the meeting, had to be withdrawn, the secretary explaining that they were all unconstitutional. If time-honored parliamentary procedure could have attended in the form of an embodied spirit, it would have fled in chagrin at the recklessness with which its most elementary principles were overridden.

Such criticism might properly be withheld if nothing more were involved than an amiable informality of procedure, or tolerance of a tentative scheme of organization as a working basis. Unfortunately, however, conditions were more serious. So far as the programme or the report of the council was concerned, there was no evidence that the pressing problems of organization and administration had really been approached. It was an open secret that months had been allowed to elapse before important committees were appointed or had organized; the council itself had held no meeting until a few hours before the first business session, although some attempt had been made to conduct business by correspondence; and only one standing committee reported. The names of more than 500 proposed members—in itself a gratifying proof of the widespread interest of university men in this new undertaking—were dumped upon the Association without being printed, and were accepted, with a few deletions, *en bloc*, without opportunity for effective consideration by the members present, and with misgivings as to the degree of attention given to them by the council. The extremely important question of the formation of local or regional groups, and their proper relation to the main body, elicited only a vague and unsatisfactory recommendation from the council, and was referred back for further consideration. A council of thirty members, made up of members scattered throughout the United States, is not likely to meet save in immediate connection with the annual meeting of the Association; and the outlook for careful consideration of necessary business by so cumbersome a body is not hopeful.

Clearly, if the Association is to become, as every one of its members earnestly hopes that it will become, an effective means for organizing and voicing professorial opinion and conserving professorial interests, it must bestir itself. Another such meeting as that at Washington, and the Association will be dead. Until professors realize that intellectual eminence is not the same thing as organizing ability, that rights are not to be safeguarded simply by asseverating them, and that the observance of recognized parliamentary order in debate is the most expeditious way of doing business, the "usurpation" of presidents and governing boards will continue. Almost at the outset of its career, the Association has come unhappily to a parting of the ways. It ought to be the immediate and continuing concern of every member that, before the next annual meeting, the Association shall be effectively and vigorously organized.

It is pleasant to turn from this adverse but necessary criticism to the one solid achievement of the Washington meeting—the adoption of the report of a committee on academic freedom and tenure, read by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman. The report, in part the outcome of earlier deliberations by committees of the American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, and the

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American Sociological Society, may fairly be regarded as marking an epoch in the history of American higher education. In clear and dignified language, all the more impressive because obviously moderated and restrained, the report discussed the essential nature of a university, its relation to the community, and the position and rights of the professor both within and without academic walls; rejected every pretence of right on the part of governing boards to treat members of the faculty as in any sense their employees, or to control in any way the freedom of teaching or investigation save in institutions properly to be classed as proprietary; and claimed for professors the same right of free speech and free action that belongs to any other member of the community.

The summarized conclusions of the committee are so important as to justify a statement of them in the language of the report itself. The ends to be accomplished, the committee declared, are chiefly three:

First: To safeguard freedom of inquiry and of teaching against both covert and overt attacks, by providing suitable judicial bodies, composed of members of the academic profession, which may be called into action before university teachers are dismissed or disciplined, and may determine in what cases the question of academic freedom is actually involved.

Second: By the same means, to protect college executives and governing boards against unjust charges of infringement of academic freedom, or of arbitrary or dictatorial conduct. . . .

Third: To render the profession more attractive to men of high ability and strong personality by insuring the dignity, the independence, and the reasonable security of tenure of the professorial office.

For the attainment of these ends the committee recommended:

A. . . . Official action relating to reappointments and refusals of reappointment should be made only with the advice and consent of some board or committee representative of the faculty. . . .

B. . . . In every institution there should be an unequivocal understanding as to the term of each appointment; and the tenure of professorships and associate professorships, and of all positions above the grade of instructor after ten years of service, should be permanent (subject to the provisions hereinafter given for removal upon charges). In those State universities which are legally incapable of making contracts for more than a limited period, the governing boards should announce their policy with respect to the presumption of reappointment in the several classes of positions, and such announcements, though not legally enforceable, should be regarded as morally binding. No university teacher of any rank should, except in cases of grave moral delinquency, receive notice of dismissal or of refusal of reappointment, later than three months before the close of any academic year, and in the case of teachers above the grade of instructor, one year's notice should be given.

C. . . . In every institution the grounds which will be regarded as justifying the dismissal of members of the faculty should be formulated with reasonable definiteness; and in the case of institutions which impose upon their faculties doctrinal standards of a sectarian or partisan character, these standards should be clearly defined, and the body or individual having authority to interpret them, in case of controversy, should be designated. . . .

D. . . . Every university or college teacher should be entitled, before dismissal or demotion, to have the charges against him stated in writing in specific terms and to have a fair trial on those charges before a special or permanent judicial committee chosen by the faculty senate or council, or by the faculty at large. At such trial the teacher accused should have full opportunity to present evidence, and, if the charge is one of professional incompetency, a formal report upon his work should be first made in writing by the teachers of his own department and of cognate departments in the university.

A careful reading of the report suggests that it should properly be regarded as preliminary only. The committee expressly refrain, for example, from indicating at this time how faculty committees on reappointments should be selected; and they leave to individual institutions the initiative in enumerating legitimate grounds for dismissal. These particular omissions are obviously important; first, because they involve the difficult question, hardly more than touched by the report, of the legal constitution of universities operating under charters rather than under statutes; and, secondly, because the failure of the committee to specify any legitimate ground for dismissal save immorality may not only tend to invite or prolong controversy rather than to lessen it, but may also possibly be construed as committing the Association to the defence of professors who are admittedly lazy or incompetent, or whose public acts or utterances prejudice the standing of their colleagues as well as of themselves. Some modification, evidently, is needed here. It is tolerably certain that presidents and trustees will be reluctant to bind themselves to accept, *pro forma*, the decisions of faculty committees regarding appointments or dismissals, not merely because of legal obstacles to the abnegation of such corporate functions, but quite as much because the opinions of faculties and professional associates cannot always be depended upon to be either competent or impartial. On the other hand, it is equally clear that the Association cannot afford to erect professors into a privileged class, or protect them against dismissal on general as well as on specific grounds. If functions now exercised by the administration are to be taken over, in all essential respects, by the faculty, the faculty must learn to think in terms of the university as a whole, rather than in terms of individual ambitions or the interests of particular departments. On these and similar points the committee will, it may be hoped, make further report in due time.

The deep interest with which the report was received was accentuated by the submission of special reports on cases of alleged infringement of academic freedom at Wesleyan University, the University of Colorado, and the University of Pennsylvania. The report on the arbitrary dismissal of Professor Fisher, of Wesleyan, submitted by Professor Fetter, of Princeton, was a stinging rebuke of the University and its president. The special committee on the Colorado case found that the charges of Professor Brewster, of the Law School, against President Farrand were not sustained. An elaborate report on the case of Professor Scott Nearing condemned, as was generally expected, the action of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania; at the same time pointing out that the rules recently adopted by the trustees regarding future appointments, while a gratifying act of justice, are not so complete a protection as a first inspection might seem to show. To what extent, if any, the adoption of the new Pennsylvania scheme was the result of communications between the trustees and the committee was not stated. The full report on the University of Utah has already been printed and distributed, and a report on the University of Montana may be expected shortly.

In the list of nominations sent out in advance by the nominating committee, regret was expressed that the president, Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia, and the secretary, Prof. A. O. Lovejoy, of Johns Hopkins, found themselves "obliged to decline renomination." As a matter of fact, however, the former was constitutionally ineligible for a second term. The new president is Prof. John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School. The committee's nomination of Prof. J. M. Coulter, of Chicago, for the vice-presidency was ignored, and Profesor Seligman was substituted. The choice of a new secretary was left to the council. The Association begins its second year with a membership of approximately fourteen hundred. WILLIAM MACDONALD.

THE PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT PRINCETON.

Unfavorable weather conditions furnished the only drawback to an otherwise enjoyable joint meeting of the American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America. Members from remoter sections would gladly have seen in detail the new Princeton, which has been growing up so rapidly on its material side during recent years, taking on an outward apparel of beauty and dignity worthy of its faithful adherence to high scholarly aims and traditions. But sleet, rain, wind, and slush combined to prevent, and but little was seen that was off the shortest path from lodging places to McCosh Hall, in which the formal sessions of both organizations were held.

On Tuesday evening, December 28, a banquet was tendered by the University to all members of both societies. This was served in Proctor Dining Hall of the Graduate College, with Dean Andrew F. West very appropriately at the head of the high table. The hall itself must surely have impressed all as a triumph of architectural fitness and good taste, and if it fails to stimulate high and scholarly purpose in the graduate students who daily assemble there, the fault will be their own. The banquet was immediately followed by the annual address of the president of the Philological Association, Prof. Edward P. Morris, of Yale University, who chose for his subject "A Science of Style." He did not pretend that any near approach to such a science had already been made, but contented himself with pointing out certain confusions which must first be cleared away, prerequisites which must be supplied, and pitfalls which must be avoided if the study of style is to be developed into a science, properly so called. The attempt to clothe stylistic studies with a scientific dress borrowed from some other field was especially deprecated. "The particular method must be suited to the particular material." After this address, Dean West called upon a few others for short speeches, among them Paul Elmer More, who paid a compliment to the clear thinking and writing of classically trained men based on his former experience as editor of the *Nation*. At the same time he addressed words of earnest reproof to the teachers of the classical languages for not making a more vigorous and open fight against the influences which are tending to turn students away from these studies.

The papers presented before the Philological Association took about the usual range, from narrowly technical studies to subjects well within the range of interest and comprehen-

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sion of any intelligent listener. War conditions were in evidence in the presence at the meetings and upon the programme of two temporarily expatriated Belgians, Prof. P. van den Ven, now of Princeton, and Prof. Albert J. Carnoy, of the Universities of Louvain and Pennsylvania. A pessimistic view of the European situation was reflected in a large vote, just short of a majority, in favor of discontinuing a committee which has been considering plans for an international meeting of philologists. No one had any encouraging news from the "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ," which had been proceeding with the deliberation only too common to great lexicographical works, even before the war broke out. At least four of those who have been working upon it in Germany are said to have fallen at the front, and, considering the international character of its financial backing, the outlook is not hopeful. When the war storm clears away, here may be an opportunity for some man of large means, with sufficient cultivation to realize the importance of the work, to render a great service to scholarship. For the completion of this great work, within a reasonable time, would be a great boon to all serious students of the development of language, and not merely to the Latinist. The sharp differences of opinion existing in the Association as to the desirability of a uniform grammatical terminology for the various languages did not come to the front, since the committee having the matter in charge simply reported "progress" and asked to be continued. Prof. Carl D. Buck, of the University of Chicago, was chosen as president, and St. Louis was selected as the next place of meeting, in conjunction with the Archæological Institute. The attendance was good and the meeting may sincerely be pronounced successful, but perhaps one criticism is allowable here. Whether the papers offered are presented as a whole or in abstract, from manuscript or without, the matter actually presented should be put into lucid form, logically and rhetorically coherent, and so enunciated that inattentive members at the back of the room will be deprived at least of the excuse that they could not hear, even if they so desired. At both ends of the room, during the Princeton meetings, there were conspicuous cases of sinning against the unquestionable proprieties of the occasion.

The Archæologists began their meetings in New York on Monday, with sessions of the Jury of Classical Fellowships of the American Academy in Rome, the Council of the Department of Canada, and the executive committee of the Institute. The managing committee of the American School at Jerusalem and the Council of the Institute held meetings at Columbia University on Tuesday morning, and in the afternoon the Institute met in joint session with the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis. The Institute then proceeded to Princeton, where three separate sessions were held, and three joint sessions with the Philological Association. This was followed by an adjournment to Washington, where two meetings were held on Friday in connection with the anthropological section of the Nineteenth International Congress of Americanists, the second Pan-American Scientific Congress, and other affiliated organizations. The programme of these sections was a rich and varied one, giving ample proof of effective direction by the responsible officers of the organization and persistent scholarly work by the members. W. H. J.

Notes

Harper & Bros. announce the publication of "Clipped Wings," by Rupert Hughes.

"The Victorious Attitude," by Orison S. Marden, is announced for immediate publication by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The following volumes will be published on January 15 by Houghton Mifflin Co.: "The Beloved Physician," reminiscences of Dr. Trudeau, by Stephen Chalmers; "The Bottle-Fillers," by Edward Noble; "On Alpine Heights and British Crags," by George D. Abraham; "The English Poems of George Herbert," edited by George Herbert Palmer; "The World Decision," by Robert Herrick.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "The Iron Stair," by "Rita"; "Crisis in the History of the Papacy," by Joseph McCabe; "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory: A Study of Force as a Factor in Human Relations," by George W. Nasmyth; "Phases of Early Christianity," by J. Estlin Carpenter; "Europa's Fairy Tales," by Joseph Jacobs; "West Point in Our Next War," by Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull; "The Aztec God and Other Dramas" (revised edition), by George Lansing Raymond; "The Genesis of the Great War," by Briggs Davenport. As representatives of the Cambridge University Press, Putnams announce the publication of the following: "The Political Writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau," with introduction and notes by C. E. Vaughan; "Euclid's Book on Divisions of Figures," by Raymond Clare Archibald; "Isaiah I-XXXIX" (the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), with introduction and notes by the Rev. J. Skinner; "The Seconde Part of a Register," edited by Albert Peel.

"The Marriage Revolt," by William E. Carson (Hearst's International Library Co.; $2), is a somewhat uncertain document from the standpoint of ideas, and one is not disposed to attach too much importance to a sociological study which includes among its authorities Bernard Shaw, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and H. G. Wells. Yet as a fairly photographic representation of the existing situation, the book is a useful and interesting collection of facts and opinions, and the attitude of the writer is reasonably impartial; indeed, he is not much more than a collector. One point that seems inescapable is that, however we may view the outcome, the common ideas concerning marriage and divorce are becoming rapidly unsettled. This may be, as the writer suggests, only one of the inconveniences attending the introduction of a higher freedom; but the character of those who most commonly resort to the divorce courts is not such as to suggest that they are in the van of moral progress.

In 1898 Mr. Havelock Ellis brought out a book entitled "Affirmations," which has now appeared, seventeen years later, in a second edition and "with a New Preface" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75). There is something possibly a little pathetic in the republication of this unchanged second edition, "with a New Preface," especially as it comes out almost simultaneously with his "Impressions and Comments" (Houghton Mifflin)—a book of idle jottings on everything and nothing, from the pen of a writer who seems now to find the construction of a systematic work rather too onerous a task, and yet is unwilling altogether to lay aside his pen. It is as if he feared the world would too soon forget him and he must make one more brave attempt to write his name on the shifting sands.

Both books present the same point of view, the same protest, which Havelock Ellis has made in all his books against conventional morality and the repression of nature. The title "Affirmations" would be ambiguous enough from most writers, but coming from Mr. Ellis one may guess fairly well what it is meant to imply; and one may feel certain after reading the table of contents, which shows that the book contains five essays, on Nietzsche, Casanova, Zola, Huysmans, and St. Francis, respectively. For from all these men Mr. Ellis brings us the same message of the affirmation of life and nature, and the glory of (slightly chastened) impulse. His *bête noire* is, of course, the Christianity of Paul, Augustine, and Calvin, and particularly the "prudish" Christian morality of England in the Victorian era. Hence if the reader wishes a decidedly sympathetic account of the writers named above—particularly of the first two—he will do well to consult the "Affirmations." A sympathetic treatment of Nietzsche from an English pen is a rare thing to-day, and for that reason as well as for several others, Mr. Ellis's essay is notable. The contrast of Nietzsche's present prominence with his obscurity of seventeen years ago is brought home strikingly to the reader by one of the author's first sentences: "At present I know of no attempt to deal with Nietzsche from the British point of view." And a similar contrast holds in the case of Casanova, though to a less striking degree; for Mr. Ellis's essay seems to have introduced this strangely frank egotist (who, we are assured, in spite of his endless *amours*, was *not* a sensualist) to English readers. It is somewhat startling to find St. Francis honored with a seat in the goodly fellowship of Casanova and Nietzsche; yet he, too, according to Mr. Ellis, in contrast to most of his cloth, was an *affirmer;* and besides a little asceticism makes the cup of life more exquisite at last. The essays on Zola and Huysmans are less interesting than the others, being more purely literary and less personal and also less philosophic; yet they, too, are well done, and the book as a whole makes very pleasant reading.

"So far as possible," writes Mr. Ellis in his Preface (not the "New Preface," but the old one), "I dwell most on those aspects of my subjects which are most questionable. It was once brought against me that I had a predilection for such aspects. Assuredly it is so." And, as might have been foreseen, the author of the "Evolution of Modesty and Auto Eroticism," "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," "Analysis of the Sexual Impulse," etc., finds much to his taste in discussing Zola, Huysmans, and particularly Casanova. In the Impressions and Comments, also, this characteristic interest, though not so obvious, comes often to the front; and the distrust of all conventions is almost as strong as ever. "Suppose people were morally inverted, turned upside down, with their vices above water and their respectable virtues submerged. And suppose that vice became respectable and the respectabilities vicious, that men and wo-

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men exercised their vices openly and indulged their virtues in secret, would the world be any worse? . . . And if there is a difference, what is that difference?" Yet there is a subtle contrast between the two books under review, a contrast due not so much to the seventeen years that have passed over the head of the author in the interval between them, but rather to the seventeen years that have passed over the world since the "Affirmations" was written. We have now got far enough away from the Victorian era for even Mr. Ellis's hot indignation against it to cool. Speaking of Meredith's constant protest against the prudery of his times and his admiration for Blake's sentiment, "Damn braces, bless relaxes," Mr. Ellis remarks:

Nowadays that seems a long time ago. The great preacher of to-day cannot react against the attraction of braces, for it no longer exists. We are all quite ready to "damn braces." The moralist, therefore, may now legitimately hold the balance fair and firm, without giving it a little pressure in one direction for wholesome ends of admonition. When we so look at the matter we have to realize that, biologically and morally alike, healthy restraint is needed for "the flourishing of the spirit" quite as much as healthy exercise; that bracing as well as relaxing is part of the soul's hygiene; that the directive force of a fine asceticism, exerted towards positive and not towards negative ends, is an essential part of life itself.

"More Jonathan Papers" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) reinforces the impression that the authoress of the first series of "Jonathan Papers" deserves a prominent place among contemporary American essayists. For sheer nimbleness, without perversity, and for an unobtrusive sense of personality, it would not be easy to match these essays. The subjects are not profound; indeed, the subject of the first paper, "The Searchings of Jonathan," as good a paper as the volume contains, is nothing more than the inability of mere man to find an object—any object—which Woman desires to have brought to her. However, an essay of twenty-five pages on such a theme, even when completely charming, as this one is, must, perhaps, be termed a *tour de force* rather than a first-rate example of the English essay. Does not the genius of the essay demand a certain insight and substance, no matter how pliant and delicate the manner? So long as one bears this in mind, one is happily free to praise these light-hearted, maturely humorous essays without fear of extravagance. The personality of the writer is altogether winning in its freedom from excess. It is a piquant mixture of the feminine, the egotistic, and the satiric; and Jonathan—much-abused, much-admired Jonathan—seen through her eyes, is a very likable person ("Jonathan often has the air of having known since infancy the great truths about life that I have just discovered." Again, when a large rock is encountered in the garden: "Evidently it was a case for calling in Jonathan. He came, grumbling a little, as a man should, but very efficient, and with two crowbars"). The book has a distinctly "well-bred" flavor, and now and again the two characters parley in a manner reminiscent of excellent high comedy. To choose a passage for quotation is not easy in a book in which the texture is so even. Perhaps the following is sufficiently typical (Jonathan, in travelling, is ever losing his tickets):

The conductor appears at the other end of the car. Jonathan begins vaguely to fumble without lowering his paper. Pocket after pocket is browsed through in this way. Then the paper slides to his knee, and he begins a more thorough investigation, with all the characteristic clapping and diving motions that seem to be necessary. Some pockets must always be clapped and others dived into to discover their contents.

No tickets. The conductor is half way up the car. Jonathan's face begins to grow serious. He rises and looks on the seat and under it. He sits down and takes out packet after packet of papers, and goes over them with scrupulous care. At this point I used to become really anxious—to make hasty calculations as to our financial resources, immediate and ultimate—to wonder if conductors ever really put nice people like us off trains. But that was long ago. I know now that Jonathan has never lost a ticket in his life.

Arthur Christensen's notable study of the shortcomings of democratic government, translated from the Danish by the late A. Cecil Curtis, has been made available for English readers, under the title "Politics and Crowd Morality" (Dutton; $2.50 net). In its original tongue the book is reputed to have literary excellence; the translation, at any rate, seems to be in all respects admirable, and does full justice to the author's vigor of thought. In a general way, the volume may be described as a series of essays on the philosophy of politics, ranging over a somewhat wide area, but all bearing upon various phases of popular sovereignty. As his starting-point the author takes the well-known writings on the psychology of "crowds," or men-in-the-mass, which Le Bon and Tarde gave to the world many years ago. But he ploughs his way into new fields, particularly in his discussion of our waning faith in representative government. This political phenomenon, its scope, causes, and outcome, receives an elaborate examination. The author shows that the growing distrust is not confined to any one country or continent. It is, he believes, the inevitable reaction against that all-conquering political liberalism which made headway in the nineteenth century by promising much, and now seeks to hold its place in the twentieth while performing little. The "mountains of gold," which Democracy promised, have not been reached, and "a wave of popular disgust with politics has swept over the world." That, in a sentence, sums up the writer's chief conclusion. Fourteen years ago, when Denmark definitely adopted parliamentary institutions, one of her statesmen greeted the new régime with a public announcement that "now the time of competence was past." Curtly and clearly, Christensen believes, this statesman portrayed the essence of democracy. It sets before itself the mutually exclusive ideals of liberty and equality. It will not sacrifice one to the other, and in the end it misses both. The author's horizon is wide; his facts and illustrations are marshalled together from the history of many lands, and he puts them together with great argumentative skill. The book is really for the reader who can appreciate and enjoy a reactionary but clever interpretation of contemporary cosmo-politics, even though it may not carry much conviction to his mind.

Unlike some of his other volumes, Frederic C. Howe's "Socialized Germany" (Scribner; $1.50 net) carries its own antidote. Held back for a few months on account of the war, it was finally published, "as the contest wore on and the extraordinary resources of Germany were disclosed, . . . partly as an explanation of the efficiency of Germany, but primarily as a suggestion of a new kind of social statesmanship which our own as well as other countries must take into consideration if they are to be prepared to meet the Germany which, in victory or defeat, emerges from the war." For the "German peril" is "only in part a military peril. It is a peace peril as well. The real peril to the other Powers of Western civilization lies in the fact that Germany is more intelligently organized than is the rest of the world. The individual German receives more from society." And so on. But this is not the prelude to the conventional eulogium of Teutonic efficiency, with the easy moral that Yankee shrewdness will belie itself if it does not adopt the new and better way of Dantzig and Düsseldorf. Even in the preface we have a hint that there is a rift in the lute. The dignity and personal liberty of the individual German "are on a different, and, from our point of view, on a lower, plane than in America and Great Britain, but his daily and hourly needs, and those of his wife and family, are better cared for." So it is, after all, a choice of ideals; and having chosen dignity and personal liberty, it is rather a question of how much efficiency we may add to them than of preferring it above them. This is a great concession, although one might wish that it had been infused with a bit warmer feeling for the ideals which may naturally be supposed to claim Mr. Howe's first allegiance, along with that of most Americans.

In his opening chapter, however, he sounds the note more certainly. "I believe in democracy," he declares, "and all that democracy implies." This is broad enough to cover the case of democracy implying less "efficiency" than undemocratic forms of government, and he does not shrink from speaking plainly about Germany on its political side: "The confusion we feel about Germany is traceable to the fact that much of the beauty and charm of old Germany has been crushed under the heel of the feudal autocratic caste which, under constitutional forms, has projected its ideas into the very life of the empire." The confusion we feel about Germany in reading Mr. Howe's latest book is due to this setting forth of autocracy and efficiency side by side, but without any suggestion that it may not be easy to take the one and leave the other. He can even end his first chapter with these two sentences: "It is a feudal state with the viewpoint of benevolent paternalism. And the result of this policy has been efficiency, power, and a high average of well-being, coupled with administrative control of the lives, thoughts, and liberties of the people." Could one be sure from these words whether their writer favored a high average of well-being at the cost of the administrative control of popular liberty, or not? The bulk of the book is given up to a record of the achievements of "socialized Germany," with occasional regret that unsocialized America is so far behind. It is time that we were saying boldly that in America liberty comes first. Our fathers were not ignorant of the efficiency of monarchies; they knew it so well that they turned away from it in abhorrence. Nor has our devotion to liberty frightened away the denizens of efficient Europe. Whatever of efficiency we may have along with that liberty, let us exert ourselves to get; but let us not delude ourselves into the belief that the highest efficiency can be, for us, satisfactory compensation for encroachment upon our supreme possession.

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President Hadley's insight, learning, and common-sense are at their best in the little volume entitled "Undercurrents in American Politics" (Yale University Press; $1.35 net). The book contains two sets of lectures, one on Property and Democracy delivered at Oxford, the other on Political Methods Old and New given at the University of Virginia. There has been much clanging of cymbals of late over the supposed discovery that the framers of the Constitution were directly interested in shaping that instrument so as to give protection to themselves as property-owners, the impression that one receives being that the "discoverers" have a sneaking delight in being able to announce that George Washington and James Madison were not unlike a member of a Public Service Commission who owns a large block of stock in a company which is under his official jurisdiction. President Hadley quietly notes that "a large majority" of the members of the Constitutional Convention were "men of substance," who "had viewed with apprehension the readiness of their fellow countrymen to issue paper money, to scale down debts, or to interpret the obligation of contracts in such a manner as to render large investments of capital precarious." But he is sufficiently well-informed and judicial-minded to add that "It was at once a matter of personal interest and of public interest to them to prevent this," and to go on to point out considerations in the matter that would never occur to an investigator who was merely looking for sensations. He is able to show, for instance, that there are certain clauses in the Constitution "which have been even more effective in securing the property-holders against adverse legislation than the Convention itself intended or expected." In his second set of lectures, President Hadley takes issue with ex-Senator Root and President Lowell as to the actual function of parties, but the most striking of these lectures is the one on The Seat of Power To-day. Every citizen would have a better understanding of himself and of his task by reading its analysis of our politics in their present stage. "In 1824," runs Hadley's summary, "we overthrew the legislative caucus as a dominant power in politics, and left the field open for the party machine. To-day we are overthrowing the party machine and are leaving the field open to the press. In neither case have we provided for the expression of a spontaneous or unorganized public opinion. We have simply substituted one method of organization for another." The pungency of his comment is shown by his brief discussion of the recall of judges: "I believe that this distinction between the recall of judges and the recall of other officials is an essentially false one; that every other official should be allowed to serve out his term, except in case of misconduct or incapacity; and that the nation which claims the right to change its mind as to the fitness of an official during the middle of his term is proving its incapacity for democratic government." But to set forth the good things in President Hadley's book it would be necessary to quote it all.

In the preface to "Through Central Africa" (Appleton; $4 net) the author, Mr. James Barnes, apologizes for the fact that his expedition had no scientific purpose. He explains that the chief motive for the trip was the hope of making good films of the country and the abundant wild life—a sufficiently laudable ambition, particularly as the photographs are both plentiful and good. It is Mr. Barnes's style, however, which should recommend his book. It is clear, readable, and, above all, simple. Also, he has found no detail too insignificant to deserve a place in his picture. The nose-ring worn by the wife of a chief and the drum which was the property of a certain native drummer receive equal space with a description of a jungle river and a range of white mountains. Thus he attains variety as well as truth, and it is this incidental detail that gives life to an unknown country and its people. There is but one serious fault to be found with the writing. Mr. Barnes presupposes too much information on the part of his readers. One momentous day he reached Neumann's camp, but he does not find it necessary to explain the significance of this episode or of the camp itself. And only in an additional chapter does he give a brief summary of Stanley's expeditions, notwithstanding the fact that he refers to them throughout his entire book. In his accounts of the natives and in his descriptions of certain wild animals that posed for their photographs, he is at his best, writing with humor and real insight. In these chapters it is plainly to be seen that Mr. Barnes was in Central Africa as a writer, not as a hunter, a point of view which is refreshing after recent accounts of wholesale slaughter carried on under the auspices of elaborate expeditions. To enumerate the various episodes of Mr. Barnes's entertaining story would exceed the limits of this notice. It is sufficient to say that honesty and thoroughness mark the book throughout, and that it is an account eminently worth reading.

A useful departure from the ordinary form of introductions to a knowledge of the Bible is given by Harold B. Hunting in "The Story of Our Bible, How It Grew to be What It Is" (Scribner; $1.50). Instead of a mass of statistics with learned discussions the author tells the story of the gradual building-up of the Biblical books. He describes the process of writing, of the primitive publication of the manuscript, of the changes introduced by copyists and the final collection of certain books, by authoritative religious teachers, into canons which came to be regarded as having divine authority. Though the tone is familiar, the conclusions of modern criticism as to date and authorship are minutely followed. In such an exposition there is necessarily some element of imagination, but this only gives liveliness to the description without diminishing its essential correctness. The volume is designed for non-specialists, and will be particularly useful for reading at home or in Sunday-school, where its general effect will be to convey a sense of the human reality of the Biblical writings while the higher spiritual teachings are brought prominently out. A considerable number of full-page illustrations add to the value of the volume, which will be acceptable to adults as well as to children.

"Source Problems in English History" (Harper; $1.30), by A. B. White and Wallace Notestein, of the University of Minnesota, follows the same general principles as the similar "Parallel Source Problems" by Duncalf and Krey on the Middle Ages and by Professor Fling on the French Revolution. The idea underlying these volumes is that it is better to group several related sources about a single definite problem for intensive study than to string together a long series of bizarre though interesting and "vitalizing" *disjecta monumenta*. "It is better to have a few source orgies at set times during the course than to be habitually taking the sources in attenuated doses." To this we heartily agree, and are glad to add that the authors evidently know how to practice what they preach. They have selected such problems as Alfred and the Danes, the origins of the jury and of Parliament, the labor question after the Black Death, freedom of speech under Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the beginning of peace negotiations with America in 1782, and the Parliament Act of 1911. In almost all of these the stress is wisely laid on the governmental side of English history; for Americans this is the most important side. Noteworthy are the sources for the intensive study of the English Parish and the New England Town Meeting. They bring home the often overlooked truth that the early settlers in New England got their experience in government not from their knowledge of or participation in the central government of England, but because they were necessarily concerned with affairs of their own parish. The authors have prefaced each group of sources with good questions, so that the student may know some of the main things for which he should keep his eyes open. Some of the questions on the earlier problems are rather difficult—much more so than those on the later problems. But it is not necessary for a student to do all the problems; the doing of even only one or two will give him a valuable training which he now too often lacks. Wide-awake teachers of elementary college courses in English history will do well to try some of these problems with their classes.

Dean C. Worcester's substantial history of "The Philippines, Past and Present" has been reissued by Macmillan (two volumes; $6), with an introduction that detracts from rather than adds to the value of the work. It is of a purely controversial character, being entitled "One Year of the New Era," and contains the same kind of sweeping assertions as those recently made by ex-President Taft, and ably rebutted by Secretary Garrison. They are backed, it is true, by facts of a more specific sort than Mr. Taft was able to allege, but there is still no adequate case made out. The object whose attainment Mr. Worcester seeks to further is plainly indicated in his last paragraph. He thinks that the fate of Belgium shows the impracticability ever of granting the Philippines independence under an agreement for their neutralization. Their only hope for the future is the "continued maintenance of the sovereignty of the United States." Many of the allegations he makes have been utterly demolished by Secretary Garrison; and if they were all true, they would still prove nothing of the argument that the Philippines can never be free.

To "The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education," by Albert H. Leake, was awarded a prize by the judges of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Essays in 1913; it appears now in book form (Houghton Mifflin; $2). The author, who is an Inspector of Manual Training and Household Science in Ontario, Canada, has already written a book, published in the same series, on Industrial Education. He is a careful student of the problems in his field, with a good command of the sources of information, both private and official, and with the ability to impart a great deal of pertinent information without fatiguing the reader. The book is a useful intro-

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duction to an important question of the day. After a preliminary historical survey the author analyzes the position of the elementary school in the rural districts, describes improvements that have been effected in particular instances, and explains the general movements of consolidation and extension. Aside from the special topic of instruction in agriculture, which he treats in detail, he touches on many problems of farm life and rural education; and he gives in closing an excellent bibliography.

In "High Lights of the French Revolution" (Century; $3 net) Hilaire Belloc does not attempt to give a consecutive history of the French Revolution. He has centred his attention on half a dozen of the most interesting and dramatic episodes—the revolt of the Commons in the Royal Séance, the Flight to Varennes, the storming of the Tuileries, the Cannonade of Valmy, the Death of Louis XVI, and the Desertion of Lafayette. Having as forebears a Girondin who barely escaped the guillotine, an Irishman who was one of Napoleon's colonels, and the famous Dr. Priestley, Mr. Belloc naturally has a peculiar interest in the French Revolution; being descended from a French father and an Irish mother, he has inherited something of the literary facility and charm of the Celts on both sides of the Channel. Within twenty years he has written twice that number of books, and they range all the way from poetry and fiction to serious history, biography, politics, and military strategy. Can so voluminous an author write accurate, trustworthy history? Yes and no. On the one hand, we do not believe that Mr. Belloc always makes the painstaking research among all the documents which a more pedestrian historian would deem indispensable. It is not difficult for the historical specialist on the French Revolution, thoroughly familiar with the sources, to convict him of a slip here and there, due to inadequate preparation or to too fertile an imagination. On the other hand, Mr. Belloc has a freshness of approach, a knowledge of French men and motives, and a brilliance of presentation which enable him to convey to the reader conceptions of events which, on the whole, are more accurate and well-rounded than can be found in nine-tenths of the more painstaking historians. Moreover, Mr. Belloc for each of his episodes has been over the terrain with his eyes open and his imagination alive. "When I went to make myself acquainted with Valmy field it was in the same season, in the same weather, after the same rains, in the same mists," and he concludes from his experience with the heavy, sticky ground that the inexplicable halt of the Prussian advance, when within touch of victory, was really "due to nothing more romantic than mud." Most entertaining of the chapters, perhaps, is the last, in which he dissects the cold, correct character of Lafayette and reconciles the two traditional conceptions of him—the American tradition which has made of him a glorious hero, and a certain French tradition which made of him a pale prig wrapped in failure and treason. The book is attractive quite aside from the fifty excellent illustrations.

"A Brief History of the French Revolution, 1789-1795" (George Allen & Unwin; 2s. net) is a graphic narrative of the great events of six years compressed into scarcely more than a hundred small pages. The author, A. W. Aveling, continually makes use of the historical present in his narrative, and appears to rely on Taine for his facts and on Carlyle for his style. Danton and Robespierre are "blood-thirsty scoundrels," "demons from the pit," and "the keystone in the arch of iniquity." The author outlines well the main events of the overthrow of royalty and of the rule of the Convention, but gives little idea of the great positive legislative achievement of the Revolution—perhaps because he appears to be unacquainted with the work of Aulard and his cohort of pupils.

Science

THE KINETIC SYSTEM.

A Mechanistic View of War and Peace. By George W. Crile. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In this volume Dr. Crile describes some of the things he saw and more of the things he heard while at the American Ambulance in France during the early part of the war, and attempts to interpret the behavior of man at war, as well as of the non-combatant at home, in terms of his kinetic theory. "The kinetic system," which Dr. Crile uncovered and in the exploitation of which he seems likely to remain undisturbed and unmolested, "is the group of organs in the body by means of which man and animals transform the potential energy in food into muscular action, emotion, body heat; in short, it is the system by whose activity life is expressed. It may be compared to the motor of an automobile." If one keeps this lucid and all-satisfying definition in mind, as well as the author's naïve confession that he has been led "unconsciously to reach the conclusion of many scientists that man and other animals are physico-chemical mechanisms," and if also one is familiar with the terms "ontogeny," "phylogeny," and "action patterns," and, finally, if one realizes, as one must before many pages are perused, that the author has had the good fortune (apparently recently) to discover Darwin, the book may be read with considerable interest. If one cannot keep all these things in mind, and therefore finds it impossible to follow the argument, one has at least the consolation of turning to the last page of the preface, where the author frankly admits he lays "no claim to special knowledge of government, of philosophy, of psychology, of religion, or of the science of war."

The applications of the "kinetic theory" to "The Phenomena of War" cover mobilization, trench-fighting, artillery fire, waiting under fire, the retreat, fatigue, loss of sleep, dreams, pain, courage, the wounded, causes of death, the behavior of non-combatants, grief, results, and compensations. This is the most interesting chapter of the book, partly on account of the many descriptions of incidents at the front, but chiefly so because the author frequently forgets, in the heat of narrative, to apply his theory.

In the succeeding chapter, A Biologic Interpretation of War, theory has full sway, and the illuminating (?) conclusion is reached that "war and peace can be comprehended only when they are considered as end effects of action patterns established by phylogeny and ontogeny."

The chapter on A Mechanistic View of German Kultur assumes that this "Kultur" has been made possible only by the powerful rivals that surround Germany. "It was obviously against this steady hostile breeze that the ruling class of Germany flew its military kite, and transformed the action-patterns of the brains of sixty million people into those of renunciation of individualism and the acceptance of collectivism."

In the chapter with the very striking heading, The Vivisection of Belgium, are discussed the results, in the light of the kinetic theory, to be expected from the "intense psychic and physical activations inflicted upon the Belgians." This brings out some picturesque writing, which is not, however, very satisfying to one seeking exact knowledge; for example, "The kinetic systems of the Belgians were activated by both contact and distance *ceptor stimuli*. Their contact ceptors were stimulated by bullets, by bayonets—— Their distance ceptors were stimulated by threatening air craft, by charging Uhlans——" When, however, the author's language is translated into simple English words, it is found that fear and anxiety, exposure and lack of food caused among Belgian non-combatants many sudden deaths, as from apoplexy; hastened the final exitus of individuals suffering from chronic disease, and led to insomnia, neurasthenia, prostration, insanity, and impaired efficiency; premature births were common, and suicide became frequent.

The final chapter, Evolution towards Peace, is a plea for education concerning the disadvantages of war. The author assumes that the civilization of to-day cannot prevent war because war "is the normal result of the action-patterns, created by the mould in which has been formed the present generation of men." If, therefore, "we desire that in our children patterns of peace shall predominate over war-patterns the disadvantages of war as well as its advantages should be set forth in the nursery, the school, the university. . . ."

It is to be regretted that interesting experiences, medical and otherwise, in the war zone should have been used as an excuse for reprinting theories and views which the author has already expressed in at least three other books. In the present work the accounts of medicine and surgery at the front and of the author's views concerning various war problems are exceedingly interesting; but the constant iteration and reiteration, in the attempt at application, of theories which have no scientific basis and which do not illuminate the personal experiences of the writer, must be as confusing to the lay reader as it is unsatisfying to the psychologist, the physician, or the biologist, who hope in each new book which comes from the hand of this ready writer to find some scientific basis for the kinetic theory.

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Drama

THE CLASSICAL OR EPICAL DRAMA OF JAPAN.

Tales from Old Japanese Dramas. By Asataro Miyamori. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

The author of this attractive book has set himself to the task that Charles Lamb discharged so well for Shakespeare, of telling in narrative form stories which are already popular as dramas. In the case of the Englishman, dealing with themes already familiar to his readers, and writing in his native tongue, the task was a very much easier one. For he could spend on the refinements of rhetorical presentation time and care that in the present case are needed primarily for faithful translation and adjustment to an alien circle of readers. The very title-page discloses such a difficulty; are we to call the author Professor Asataro? One acquainted with Japanese understands at once that this is his "given," not his family, name. And yet throughout the book, as might be expected, Japanese names appear in the native form as, *e. g.*, Hōjō Ujimasa, Chikamatsu Tokuzo, the family name coming first. There is a regrettable lack of editorial care and consistency in smoothing away these difficulties. In the story of "Katsugoro's Revenge," for instance, the first sentence is badly stated: "The Regent Taiko Hideyoshi had a retainer named Iinuma Sampei." Now, "Regent" is really a translation of the term *Taiko*, and one or other is superfluous. And yet the narrator continues, throughout the tale, with one exception, to use the duplicate form. Again, Japanese terms like *samurai*, *daimiō*, especially when they appear in italics, should not take the English sign of the plural. "Shogun," on the other hand, in roman letters, naturally carries an *s* in the plural. But at page 8 the author refers to "*daimios* and other noblemen," later on the same page to "the ignorant *samurai* of those days," and at page 207 to "the far-off days of the Ashikaga Shogun." And the plural form comes awkwardly in the historical references to the "fierce war waged eight hundred years ago between the two great clans, the Tairas and the Minamotos." Still more unidiomatic is the statement (p. 159) that "Yoshitsuné set out on his march against the Tairas' camp." In some of the stories there is an excess of translating Japanese words, as in "The Treason of Mitsuhidé," where all the women's names, like Satsuki ("Azalea"), Hatsugiku ("Early Chrysanthemum"), have their English equivalents; but the term *Meido*, "the nether world," or Hades, is frequently used, but not once translated. The statement at page 310, "My parents must be grieving at the *Meido*," is both unidiomatic, and unintelligible to the ordinary reader without a Japanese-English dictionary.

A sample is given (p. 3) of the movement of the Japanese semi-lyrical drama, or *jōruri*, to which the "Chūshingura," dealing with the story of the Forty-seven Loyal Retainers, belongs—the most famous of Japanese plays: "The *jōruri* is in form an epic poem, consisting of a long story written in a series of the alternation of seven- and five-syllable phrases, as follows:

No-ko-rutsu-bo-mino
Ha-na hi-to-tsu
Mi-zu a-ge-ka-ne-shi
Fu-ze-i ni-te
Shi-an na-ge-ku-bi
Shi-o-ru-ru ba-ka-ri
Yō-yō na-mi-da, etc., etc.

Alone left, he fell into a reverie,
With drooping head like a flower withering
Incapable of drawing water up.
A good while later, tears he wiped away, etc., etc.

Now, to the careful reader who tries to pronounce the lines, the fifth and seventh seem to be imperfect, the one having only six, while the other has only five, syllables. The explanation is needed that in Japanese a long syllable counts for two in the measurement, and that *Shi-an* in the fourth line should be written *Shi-a-n*, since *n* ranks alone among consonants in having a syllabic value when terminal.

There is an apparent inequality of deftness in the handling of the various stories. Among the most brightly told is "Miss 'Deep-Snow'," a drama adapted from an earlier publication, "Asagao Nikki," or "Miss Morning-Glory's Diary." By the way, should not *Miyuki*, which is translated "Deep-Snow," an odd name for a girl, rather be "August Happiness"? But why translate at all? Both plays hover round a pretty lyric which depicts the charm of the morning-glory:

The morning-glories are fresh and sheen,
Embossed with sparks of early dew;
But well-a-day! the sunlight keen
Bids fair to blight their lovely hue.
Oh, how I wish a friendly shower
Would fall, to save the charming flower!

In this, and still more markedly in the stanza on page 158, there is a regrettable overlaying of the crystal simplicity of the Japanese original with alien epithet. The stanza at page 172 ("The Battle of Ichi-no-tani," chapter ii) seems also lacking in simplicity:

By darkness overta'en and spent,
Sore, sore forspent and travelworn,
The cherry-trees their shelter lent,
A refuge sweet to me forlorn.
As hosts and friends their blossoms fair
To-night will solace all my care.

A preferable rendering will be found in Brinkley's "History of the Japanese People," in the passage describing this same battle of Ichi-no-tani:

Twilight upon my path,
And for mine inn to-night
The shadow of a tree,
And for mine host a flower.

The *jōruri*, or epical, dramas came into vogue towards the latter half of the sixteenth century, when the fan-tapping which formerly accompanied the chanting was replaced by the strumming of the *samisen*, "a three-stringed guitar introduced shortly before from Loochoo." The author might have added that the *samisen* really was an importation from Manila. This Western musical instrument, which arrived in the Far East by way of Mexico, was perhaps the first trans-Pacific gift to Japan.

During the lifetime of Shakespeare the marionette theatre was developed in Japan, with *jōruri* recitation and *samisen* music; being contemporaneous, indeed, with the development of opera in Italy. It finally found its home in Osaka, the commercial heart of Japan. By the close of the seventeenth century the Takemoto Za had become famous all over the Empire. Its founder was a great *jōruri* chanter named Takemoto Gidayū, who originated a new style of recitation, and in the year 1636 began to chant pieces written at his request by Chikamatsu, founder of this new and more realistic drama, known also as *Gidayū*. One of the favorite themes of dramas of this school was *Shinjū*, or the double suicide of lovers; and so powerfully did they influence their audiences that suicides of this kind increased to an alarming extent.

For a century Osaka remained the home of the marionette theatre; then it began to decline in popularity, and its centre was moved to Yedo, the modern Tokyo. At Osaka, also, the popular *kabuki* theatre found its chief home during the eighteenth century. Professor Miyamori, while giving us the facts in his introductory history of the rise of the drama, fails to draw evident conclusions or to indicate tendencies. Not a hint is given of the plebeian origin of the drama, of the low esteem in which it was held by high-class *samurai*, who would only visit it in disguise, nor of its excessive femininity. It had never the dignity nor the power of a really national cult. "A priestess named O Kuni," the author tells us (p. 23), "is said to have originated the *kabuki shibai*. O Kuni went to Kyōto with her lover Nagoya Sanzaburo, about 1603. They soon erected a rough stage on the dry bed of the Kamo River, on which the ex-priestess with a few girls danced. They sang simple songs composed by Sanzaburo, to the accompaniment of flutes, bells, and drums. They were enthusiastically received by the citizens; and their reputation rapidly spreading far and wide, many girls took to the profession in several provinces. . . . Theatre-going became fashionable among the townsfolk, and as the actresses' theatre developed it exerted evil influences on public morals. Therefore, in 1629, actresses' performances were stopped by the authorities. Then actors' theatres, which had recently been established, became popular, and some of the actors were obliged to play women's parts. This unnatural art of *onna-gata*, 'actors in women's rôles,' gradually developed, until we hear of great *onna-gata* in different eras." The law prohibiting women actresses continued in force until the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then many educated girls have taken to the profession,

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but "they are generally considered to be much inferior to the *onna-gata* of the old school."

If all the eight stories had been handled as skilfully as Chikamatsu Yanagi's "The Treason of Mitsuhidé," originally performed at a marionette theatre in Osaka in 1799, there would be less to criticise in the volume. The closing statement that this traitor's "glory as Shōgun had lasted only ten days" is inconsistent with the nickname *Mikkakuto*—"three days' rulers"—usually attached to his name. In "The Miracle at the Ferry," also, where the epical dramatist seems to labor under the misconception that there was at one time a Northern Emperor in the Kwantō, at Kamakura, the error is indicated in a footnote. But other errors are allowed to pass unnoticed. Hōjō Ujijmasa was never "*daimyō* [why not keep to this spelling throughout?] of the eight provinces of Kwantō," but *shikken*, or vice-Shōgun. And readers ought to be told that the account of "The Battle of Ichi-no-tani," which forms the fourth of the tales, is quite irreconcilable with actual history. The presentation on the stage of a youthful warrior's head, which his own father had cut off in order that he might save his ruler's son, is grewsome and impossible off the stage.

Indeed, the Japanese stage seems to have been written for an audience which loved to weep and to be sated with horrors; one also which had a slight acquaintance with history and tradition. The women act as if they were as much at home with daggers, swords, and jūjitsu wrestling as were their husbands and brothers. Now, while it may be possible to adduce individual cases of such Amazons, to make this the type is to falsify history. There existed good reason for the slight esteem in which the theatre was held by Japanese *samurai*, the flower of the nation.

American readers should have been told that the Kokusenya, who is the hero of the closing tale, "The Battles of Kokusenya," is none other than the redoubtable pirate's son and ruler of Formosa, who at one time threatened Manila. As Koxinga he won for himself a place in history during the troublous period associated with the downfall of the Ming dynasty in China. Son of a Chinese father and a Japanese mother, he was born in the vicinity of Nagasaki, and when he came to manhood, followed his father's perilous career. For one short year he was sovereign in Formosa. His young son succeeded him, and the dynasty lasted for about twenty years, when it was snuffed out, the island reverting to China. The Japanese Kokusenya is a wildly unhistorical personage who performs marvellous deeds against the invading Tartars in China. The tale presents the same athletic Japanese women, and the same strange fathers who readily decapitate their children for the sake of their liege lords. The story of his encounter with a tiger near the "Castle of Lions" is typical of the whole treatment:

The next moment a large tiger sprang out of the thicket. Kokusenya was not at all frightened, and putting his mother in a safe place behind him, he prepared to fight the beast with open hands; for he would not use his sword against it. The tiger, glaring and roaring, sprang at him. Kokusenya encountered it with great skill, at one moment striking it with clenched fist, at the next seizing its tail. Then he leaped on to its back and brought it down to the ground. After fighting for a little while, the animal drew back exhausted, and crouching on the ground, gasped for breath. Then the hero's mother ran up to him saying: "We are both Japanese, and though we are far away from Japan, there is no reason why the gods of Japan should not protect us." With these words she handed him an amulet which she always carried about her person. Kokusenya received it reverently, and held it up before the tiger, which suddenly dropped its tail, drew its paws, and trembled with fear.

In the following paragraphs we are told how the amulet converted the tiger from a neutral to an ally of the warrior and his mother. This hero of romance is the historic Koxinga who, in the year 1662, sent the Italian Dominican missionary Ricci as ambassador to the Philippines, to demand the submission of the archipelago.

"BUNNY."

Austin Strong's play, produced last week at the Hudson Theatre, is an odd, inconsequential medley in which some good writing and a few good scenes do something to atone for the extraordinary obliquity of the dramatic structure. Mr. Strong, we should say, is certainly one of those who might have profited if he had sat at the feet of Professor Baker at Harvard. He has ideas, and he betrays at times an admirable instinct for situation; where he fails utterly is in the power of coördination. His presentation here of an ancient stage type, the absent-minded bookworm, is quite creditable, but it has been better done, and invites comparisons so readily that almost every critic in New York has thought immediately of "The Professor's Love Story."

Whether it was a consciousness of this defect that induced Mr. Strong to develop what started out as a play of character into a species of farce-melodrama, we can only speculate. On the whole, we think he was wise to swop horses, even so far out in the stream as the middle of the second act, for certainly the liveliest moments of the play come when the absent-minded student, realizing at length the merits of *Schrecklichkeit,* binds and gags a bailiff, or locks his adored one in a room while he attacks her ruffianly fiancé and her treacherous brother with a revolver, or defies a mob with a blunderbuss. To such desperate deeds Mr. Charles Nathaniel Disney, M.A. (Bunny) is driven because, having surrendered his modest fortune in order that Sylvia de Crespigney may live in luxury, and being himself reduced to penury in a bookshop to which no customers ever come, he discovers that he has been throughout the dupe of Sylvia's rascally brother. The money has been spent by the brother, who has intercepted Disney's letters to Sylvia and hers to him, and has finally brought about a match between his sister and a profligate but wealthy nobleman.

This is all very well if not very original, but why did Mr. Strong arouse our curiosity with a despairing but, as it turns out, wholly irrelevant victim of seduction and her baby, who wander on and off the stage at inconsequential intervals? Indeed, the way in which Mr. Strong's characters wander is so naïve as to be rather delightful. The hackneyed device by which fortune is finally brought to the absent-minded hero strikes us merely as rather stupid, but when Sylvia, after being released *vi et armis* from her not unwilling captivity in the locked room and being borne off to instant matrimony by a ruthless and triumphant fiancé, wanders back alone a few minutes later to announce that she loves only Bunny, the ridiculous is merged in the sublime, and we can only bow our heads in admiring acquiescence before so triumphantly simple a dénouement.

For all its shortcomings there is something rather attractive about Mr. Strong's little play which quite conceivably may bring it a measure of success. It is undoubtedly assisted by the fact that, the scene being laid in the year 1847, it is played in costume. It is admirably staged by the author himself, and the acting, though rather uneven, is decidedly respectable. S. W.

Ada Rehan, who died in New York on January 8, had been in retirement for some years, but her name is ever associated with memories of Augustin Daly's stock company. Born in Limerick, Ireland, in April, 1860, Ada Crehan (the name of Rehan was taken as a result of a printer's error in a programme) came to this country as a young child. Her first appearance on the stage was when she was fifteen years of age in a small part in "Across the Continent," in which her brother-in-law, Oliver Doud Byron, performed. For two years she was engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Mrs. John Drew. Then she joined the company of Macauley, in Louisville, Ky., and a little later that of John W. Albaugh, first in Albany and afterwards at Baltimore. Her first connection with Daly's management was in 1879, in support of Fanny Davenport in "Pique." Obtaining an engagement in Daly's regular company, she played in a number of the comedies which established that manager's reputation and made her first decisive hit as Cherry Monogram in "The Way We Live," one of Daly's innumerable adaptations from the German. Among other plays of that period in which her talent was most effectively displayed may be mentioned "Dollars and Sense," "Needles and Pins," "A Night Off," "Nancy and Company," "Love on Crutches," and "The Railroad of Love." In the older artificial comedy which Daly later took to reviving her success was less marked, although the charm of her personality and her unflagging spirit were always sufficient to avert failure. Among her most successful performances was her Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," a part for which she was admirably fitted both by personality and by training. In Shakespearean rôles she was a capable but not a great actress, certainly not to be compared with Modjeska or Ellen Terry. Her reputation as an actress rests most securely on her triumphs in modern comedy, in which her instinct was closely akin to genius. That she was an accomplished artist, of ready adaptability, was proved by her essays in melodrama of "The Great Ruby" order, and in composite pieces like "Madame Sans-Gêne." She knew her business very thoroughly, and for many seasons was one of the chief ornaments of the American stage.

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Music

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS GALORE.

It is a strange fact, difficult to explain, that, while few of the singers and players who give recitals in New York this season draw large audiences, orchestral organizations prosper more than ever. To be sure, there are three or four times as many recitals as there were before the war, but orchestral concerts also are superabundant, yet the ten entertainments given this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall (which seats over 3,000 persons) were all subscribed for in advance; the fifty concerts of the Philharmonic, in the same hall, will apparently soon be in the same fortunate position; while the New York Symphony Orchestra's concerts, in Aeolian Hall, are drawing audiences twenty-five per cent. larger than ever before. In these two halls eight orchestral concerts were given in the eight days from January 2 to 9. Four of them were Philharmonic concerts, and all of them drew audiences that filled the hall. The programme devoted to Wagner—still the greatest magnet in the concert halls as well as in opera houses (except when Caruso sings)—proved, indeed, so alluring that many who wanted tickets found the box office depleted. Next to Wagner, no composers, perhaps, are so popular as Tchaikovsky and Grieg. To these Mr. Stransky, who specially excels in them, devoted another Philharmonic programme which, with Grieg's *alter ego*, Percy Grainger, playing his concerto in his inimitable way, was sure to arouse tremendous enthusiasm. Other interesting features were the seldom-heard overture to Wagner's "The Fairies," written at the age of twenty, but containing a few germs of his genius; and Liszt's "Orpheus," which has not stood the test of time so well as the same composer's "Tasso," "Les Préludes," "The Battle of the Huns," and "Mazeppa," but is interesting because Wagner found in it the suggestion for his Amfortas music in "Parsifal."

There was also a novelty, a violin concerto by Arthur Severn, which was played by the orchestra's concert master, Maximilian Pilzer. It is well written, for both violin and orchestra, without being particularly interesting—not nearly so interesting as the novelty provided at one of its concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This was a piece entitled "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano," by Ernest Schelling. The fact that Dr. Muck accepted this piece for performance by the Boston Orchestra, before it was finished, is a fine feather in the cap of this young American composer. Variations are apt to be tiresome; it is so easy for a clever musician who knows how to handle his tools to turn them out, that he is tempted to overdo the matter. Mr. Schelling did not escape this temptation; instead of composing twenty-one variations on his theme, it would have been better if he had confined himself to a dozen. Several of them were omitted at the concert. The best of the others were sufficient to place Mr. Schelling in the front rank of contemporary orchestral composers—quite ahead, indeed, of Max Reger, who is Germany's champion variationist to-day, and who is generally considered as, next to Strauss, Germany's foremost living composer. Reger's variations are usually dull—very dull; Schelling's are bright, clever, and some of them are stirring.

Following the example of Elgar in one of his pieces, he has attached names, or initials, to the different variations. The composition was written specially for the Boston Orchestra whose conductor and first oboist, M. Longy, are among those whose initials are used. Others are Paderewski, Kreisler, Anna Pavlowa, Pfitzner, Mahler. The Pavlowa number is a Spanish dance with fascinating rhythmic effects; number X, "Erin," is unmistakably Irish. Majestic and impressive is the final number, termed "Lutheran Choral, 1915." A thrilling climax is attained in XVII-A, "August, 1914." It embodies Mr. Schelling's impressions at the outbreak of the war. The music, with its cavalry drums, its strident trumpet calls, and the hurling out of the sinister "Dies Irae," is as definite and eloquent as the composer's words that go with it: "Called to arms—over a hill at dusk, legions are marching—marching on irresistibly, inexorably, nothing stopping them—not those who fall by the wayside, not those whose fate is written in the fiery and stormy skies. On they march to victory or disaster, with desolation, suffering, death! War without glamour!"

With Fritz Kreisler as soloist, the New York Symphony Orchestra might have twice filled Aeolian Hall at its two contributions to the week's eight concerts. Within a few weeks the great Austrian violinist has played at least a dozen times in Greater New York, each time (except when Brahms's concerto was his offering) to crowded houses. He also gave a recital last week in Carnegie Hall, at which the audience was so cordial that he played, as one of his extras, the Austrian national hymn, feeling sure that his "neutral" audience would forgive this exhibition of patriotism. Three other famous artists who gave recitals last week were the English pianist, Katharine Goodson; the Canadian violinist, Kathleen Parlow, a frail but very talented girl, who has a bigger tone than any of her colleagues of the stronger sex; and Pablo Casals, the Spanish violoncellist, of whom Fritz Kreisler modestly said last year that of all artists who draw the bow he is the best. He is not, because he is less emotional than Kreisler; but certainly no one could play a Bach suite for 'cello alone more entrancingly than he did on Saturday. His wife, formerly admired as one of the best lieder singers under her maiden name of Susan Metcalf, also appeared, and showed that her art is still at its best.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

PAUL CEZANNE.

At Montross's may be seen the most considerable group of Cézannes that has ever been exhibited in America. The fact that it consists only of seven oil paintings and twenty-nine water-colors expresses the rarity of a master who has become famous, so to speak, without becoming known. Yet the display is sufficiently representative of the maturity of the painter who is widely hailed as the greatest of modern masters. There is one of his most remarkable portraits, five landscapes, one of those tiny fruit pieces in which he is incomparably strong and delicate, and a more elaborate composition of objects of art seen oddly in bird's-eye view. These are the oils. The water-colors are landscapes, with a flower-piece or two.

For the appreciation of Cézanne we have, besides the obvious French sources, a capital essay in Mr. Huneker's "Promenades of an Impressionist," and a masterly analysis in Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's eccentric book on "Modern Painting." On the personal side it is hardly necessary to recall that he was of independent means and never painted for a living, that he dabbled in literary studies till he was nearly forty, moved in the circle of the Goncourts and the Impressionists, was a friend of Zola until the great vulgarian put him into "L'Œuvre," that he escaped to his native Aix in Provence, where he lived in a somewhat savage solitude, apart from his wife and son, painting in the open air with fanatical persistency, and passing for gently mad among the neighbors. After 1890 his fame grew swiftly among the younger painters of Paris. Maurice Deny's portrait group, Hommage à Cézanne, painted, if I recall, about 1896, expressed a very general idolatry. Cézanne's sayings and letters were passed about the studios as a new gospel. He was very scornful of such praise, suspicious of those who might want to learn what they imagined to be his trick, careless of the fate of his works, and at the moment when his fame was beginning to rise he literally painted himself to death.

On looking at his pictures with an unaccustomed eye, the first impression will be that they are very rough and casual. All the edges are unneat. The background runs into foreground figures, and foreground figures overflow their own normal contours. This is something quite other than the usual blurring of too sharp edges, the collisions are made as violent as possible. The water-colors are coarse webs of slight and iridescent tones upon the white paper, entirely casual on first inspection. One must go far from the picture to let the harsh planes balance, and then one will be surprised at the massiveness and spatiality of the work, at its paradoxical solidity and sobriety. It bears out in a very curious fashion the Chinese requirement that the choice work of

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art must be both coarse and refined. Nothing could better illustrate the maxim than the portrait of a melancholy bearded man with his hands awkwardly yet most characteristically pulled to one side by his cane. In certain superficial aspects the work resembles a Manet, in its large and energetic structural planes, but with the marked difference that the big creative strokes ignore everything but position and direction. Specific textures are completely ignored. In Manet they are exquisitely considered. In Cézanne the eye is told to infer them if it can or must. This is true of all the paintings. Take the charming landscape called L'Estaque, with its glimpse over a factory village to a distant headland. The touch in the foreground foliage is precisely that in the ruffled sea. The thing comes right enough to the willing eye, but there are, from the ordinary point of view, no surfaces, just masterful smears and smudges which fix the position and indicate the direction of the planes. It is the same with the water-colors. They are just a weaving of pearly gray strokes, all precisely alike in texture, or, more properly, all quite textureless. White paper is good enough for a crag and also for the sky. It seems a kind of miracle when one group of these loosely run strokes holds your eye back, while another only infinitesimally different in character invites your eye far into the picture. Superficially, these drawings resemble the work of those early Kanô painters of Japan, who deliberately enlivened their subtle ink washes with a little tint. And again the work is like the best Far Eastern landscapes in its abstinence from particular effects. In all the Cézanne paintings it is the same time of day and no time of day. He presents only significant structure. He cares as little for specific coruscations as he cares for specific textures.

Here is where his work, which has a deceiving likeness to that of the Luminists, is really in the opposite pole of vision. He cares most for what they cared least. They so loved particular effects and specific coruscations that they readily lost the form for the sake of keeping its shimmer. They sought the effects that occur only once. Their world is relative, shifting with every degree of declination of the sun, and, one might say, with every change of the barometer. He seeks what is eternally true of every scene, that in it which is unaffected by changes of lighting or even by changes of season, its skeletal organism, the underlying geometry that makes it of a certain size and mass and depth. At bottom the intention of a Cézanne is not far different from that of the Dutch and Venetian landscapists whom he admired. They, too, cared less about effects than about catching what was importantly true about their scene at all times. He is much more like the old painters than he is like the Luminists. Where he differs from the old painters is in his rejection both of conventional light and shade and linear accents in favor of pure color, in his resolute elimination of textures in favor of abstract form, in his harsh syncopations and general air of calculated brusqueness.

Cézanne, however, grows out of Luminism. Pisarro's learned balancing of color values is the basis of his art. Cézanne merely attacked the problem of form through color more resolutely. He added to the notion that all the planes in a picture must be locked in place by the color relations solely, the cognate idea that, irrespective of the color, all the contours and planes in a picture are mutually interacting. The balance of nature is not passive, but active. All of Cézanne's observations in this field may be summarized as studies in the nature of thrust. Let us suppose the main contours of any landscape traced with a pencil on the ground glass of the camera. This exact notation of topography would be for Cézanne radically uninteresting and essentially false. It treats every line as a separate fact, whereas the truth is that all the lines and planes thrust with or against each other, and this thrust alters their effect to the eye. Under conditions of reinforcing or opposing thrust, a slanting contour may seem to slant more or less than it really does; being curved, the curve may be flattened; being straight, it may seem to be curved. To perceive this swaying balance of plane and line is to understand nature. Cézanne developed an irritable sensibility to this order of appearance and to the resolute representation of this kind of dynamic reality he sacrificed pretty much everything else. His discoveries are confirmed by familiar principles of optics. He struggled with that insoluble problem of binocular vision which has troubled serious investigators since Leonardo da Vinci. How can the painter represent on a plane surface the fact that we see a little around behind an object in focus, owing to the spacing of our eyes? How shall we avoid treating the spectator as if he had only one eye? These issues are to the painter of scientific stamp what squaring the circle is to the mathematician or perpetual motion is to the physicist. Cézanne doubtless lost more time over such problems than he ever admitted having wasted on literature in his young days. We cannot ignore these optical studies of his, for they reveal his dogged probity, and they explain all of the peculiarities of his paintings. With the exception of a few portraits, where he was allured by the character, and of those tiny fruit pieces where he succumbed to the jewel-like preciousness of the colored surfaces, his art is just so many notations of the grinding of line upon line and plane against plane, just so many expressions of the vivid life which the eye imputes to nature. The roughnesses which abound in his oil paintings, and are not absent from his aquarelles, simply express the direction of thrust or the point of collision.

What is original in this point of view is simply its thoroughness and consciousness. Most great landscape painters have conceived nature in terms of thrust and energy. I have no doubt that most of the dynamic distortions of Cézanne could be paralleled in the later landscape drawings of Leonardo, in any good Rembrandt or Ruysdael, in Turner's etched outlines for the "Liber" plates. The difference is that the early men worked by rule of thumb, whereas Cézanne wanted an organon to comprise and explain such knowledge. Where the Luminists at an early stage got light-struck and turned from their endeavor of exact apprehension of momentary appearance, where they half closed their eyes to induce an hypnotic shimmer, he opened his eyes wide. He also had the lucidity to reject a merely retinal notion of vision and to deal with its mental basis. This he found in a sort of visual mechanics which subordinates all appearance to an especial class of truths—those of space and those of thrust. These truths he got approximately on nature's terms when he could; many of the landscapes in oils, most of the portraits and still lives, are thus naturalistic. But he never hesitated to substitute his own mental terms for those of external nature. Thus the water-colors are among the most abstract forms of expression conceivable. Like Far Eastern drawings, they are merely symbols for swing and spatiality. Indeed, most of the landscape is so highly schematized and syncopated, so disregardful of minor realities, that it is comparable in abstraction to the landscape background of a Perugino. The difference is instructive, for the intention is by no means dissimilar.

One seems painted by a person with capacity for reverie, the other by a disembodied intelligence. There is no mood in a Cézanne—just superior vision and athletic workmanship. All the values that come from civilization are absent in his case. When one recalls that he adored Poussin, the Dutchmen, the Venetians, even Courbet, Couture, and Delacroix, and yet, save in a few youthful romantic experiments, kept all these influences out of his art, one must admit that he achieved the very difficult task of decivilizing himself. In an epigonic era he contrived to be a genuine archaic, to cope at first hand and naïvely with his problems. This is both his distinction and his limitation. It explains his intransigence. For that plus quality of lovely workmanship which the civilized artist rarely fails to value he cared absolutely nothing. He was capable of it, as many of the still lives attest, but generally his surfaces are raw, the touch as nondescript as assured. The preciousness which would make any detached square inch of a Fra Angelico, a Titian, a Vermeer, a Watteau a desirable possession, is completely absent from a Cézanne. And this preciousness—what is it but the artist's desire to please, his acceptance of a social code of beauty—in short, his civilization? Of course, I am aware that this is utter sentimentality to those for whom artists of Cézanne's type are the greatest. Yet at the risk of seeming sentimental I am willing to give the values of sentiment their place in the sun. The most radical trouble with Cézanne, in my opinion, is that, not caring to please anybody but himself—which is at once a defect in civilization—he did not

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really care greatly about nature. He cared tremendously to be right about nature; his own rectitude was what engrossed him. This Calvinistic tinge—or, since he was a good Catholic, let us rather say Augustinian—is what limits his art. It has next to no humanity in it, no humility, no love.

In view of these facts, it seems to me quite absurd to speak of Cézanne as a great artist. He lacked the requisite greatness of soul. He was an honest and valiant investigator, a pointer of the right way in a moment of hesitation. No landscape painter can relive Cézanne's experience without benefit. With all his limitations, he is sound and central. His problems were real problems, and his solutions real solutions. Nothing, I take it, would disgust him more than the charlatanism which the Post-Impressionists and Cubists are practicing in his name. If he paid personally and artistically too high a price for his austere attainment, that is ever the hap of the investigator. His fecund and athletic genius should assure him a kind of immortality, but he will be remembered rather with experimenters like Uccello than with the great masters. His example is generally so sane and, by reason of its very restrictions, so readily understood, that I am a little ashamed of suggesting the possible misunderstanding that might arise from the study of Cézanne. It is that one may be great simply by refraining from being charming. This is so easy a path to greatness that many are already treading it. These pilgrims of eternity may well be reminded that whatever greatness Cézanne achieved was not by reason of his lack of charm, but in spite of it.

F. J. M., JR.

Finance

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE.

On the Stock Exchange, the year 1915 ended with an outburst of enthusiasm. Nearly a million shares changed hands on December 31, and prices rose rapidly in all quarters of the market, apparently under buying for investors as well as speculators. But the year 1916 opened with an immediate and violent break of prices, converging on the "war-munitions shares," many of which declined 10 per cent. or more in less than that number of days. This disconcerting introduction of the New Year called forth varying explanations. The sinking of the Persia; news of some awkward difficulties of a Canadian war-order concern in financing its munitions contracts; refusal of directors of one American company of the sort to raise its dividend, as Wall Street had predicted, above the prevailing 20 per cent. annual rate—these were the theories most heard on the Stock Exchange.

People more familiar with the speculative machinery of Wall Street, on the other hand, were inclined to recall that a group of individuals, engaged last year in speculative exploiting of the "war shares," had to buy heavily to check the demoralization in those stocks during November; that they may have counted on easing their burden during the "January reinvestment" days, and that the market would not take the realizing sales except at sharp concessions. No result is more familiar, under similar conditions; it is part of a process of normal readjustment. But all Wall Street agreed that the downward tendency in prices, primarily thus occasioned, was at least emphasized by an interview from the chairman of the Steel Corporation. "We are proceeding," Mr. Gary declared, "at a rapid pace; there is a great expansion; I fear there is great inflation"; and he concluded with this warning of the future:

> It may be very dark and desperate. It will be thus in Europe, and we in America will feel the effects to a greater or lesser extent. The destruction of billions upon billions of property in any country must necessarily affect, in some degree, all countries.

Industrial shares were chiefly affected by the feeling embodied in this forecast; but the whole stock market and indeed the whole of American industry have a considerable stake in the extent to which such predictions turn out to be true.

In the symposium of well-known economists and financiers, published a year ago in the *Evening Post* of December 31, 1914, one-half of the forecasts for financial 1915 took the ground that the effect of the European war on American finance and industry would be altogether bad. The other half believed that there would be circumstances to offset the conceded depressing influences of war; chiefly in connection with our export trade. But nobody dreamed of predicting what has actually happened. The prophets, as we can now see, had not greatly helped to read the future.

Of the twenty-six practical financial and business experts whose forecasts of the future were published in the same newspaper's Annual Financial Supplement of December 31, 1915, there was almost exactly the same division of opinion on the question, how our own financial situation would be affected by the return of peace. The number of forecasts which distinctly excluded the probability of the "flooding of our markets" by industrial Europe, after the war, was slightly larger than the number of those which looked with misgiving on that economic chapter. On the whole, the opinions against such probability were the more emphatic, and were endorsed by perhaps the most eminent names. Yet the division of judgment remained. After all, we are dealing now, as we were a year ago, with unfamiliar forces and with a situation quite without precedent in history.

No other war, since the modern industrial system was established, has ended with any country in precisely the condition which our own will occupy, if the United States is not drawn into this present war. Practically every government of any importance had itself been involved in Napoleonic wars. Our own country was exhausted by its war expenditure, following a prolonged embargo on all our trade with Europe and accompanied by a depreciated currency; therefore, it naturally suffered to the full, along with Europe, in the depression after return of peace. It might be argued that England after the American Civil War would provide some analogy; and, as every one knows, one of the worst financial panics in English history occurred in 1866.

But English finance and industry had not been stimulated by that war; on the contrary, Great Britain's textile trade had been utterly disorganized by the blockade of our Southern cotton ports and by the decrease of 40 to 60 per cent. in the American import trade of war time. Had the Franco-Prussian War lasted as long as the present conflict already has, the experience of neutral England after peace might throw some light on the problem. As it was, there can be no doubt that England's financial and commercial supremacy was immensely stimulated, as a result even of that nine months' conflict; because foreign capital, which had moved to London for safety, very largely stayed there. Still, none of those instances was in reality at all analogous with our presumptive position, after the European war shall have definitely ended.

The first determining question will undoubtedly be, whether our industries will retain what they have or will have gained in activity and profit as compared with conditions here before the war. The "war-order industry" certainly will not. But there are those who believe that the needs of Europe itself, the prestige gained by our exporters during the war in the neutral foreign field, the fact of belligerent Europe's economic exhaustion, and of wages abroad kept up, both through depletion of available labor by war losses and through inflation of the currencies, will far offset the vanishing demand for war material.

The contrary view argues that the very fact of Europe's physical and economic exhaustion will make it inevitable that large exports of merchandise, at sacrifice prices, will be made by European manufacturers into every competitive field, and a consequent blow be dealt to our manufacturing profits in such fields. Yet this would seem to infer low wages and cheap cost of labor. Will that be the result in Europe after war, or not? It was the result in England after 1815, but only because labor was powerless and because England had not lost men largely in that war. Even so, the ten years after Waterloo were marked by a long series of industrial riots which sometimes all but threatened revolution. This time the question is, can a similar outcome, as regards the forcing down of wages, be assumed as possible when the war is over—in England, France, or Germany? This world will hardly be the same, politically, economically, or industrially, as it was in July, 1914. It will certainly be a very different world from what it was in June, 1815.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Burton, M. L. First Things. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
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Hinchman, W. S. The American School. (American Books series.) Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.
Huckel, O. The Thorn Tree that Bloomed at Christmas. Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Library of Congress. Folk-Lore. Manners and Customs. Social Groups: Communities, Classes, Races. General Works, Polygraphy. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Osgood, C. G. A Concordance to the Poems of Edmund Spenser. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Preston, J. Peter Bosten. Herald Publishing House.
Puddefoot, W. G. Leaves from the Log of a Sky Pilot. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
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Schaeffer, H. The Social Legislation of the Primitive Semites. Yale University Press. $2.35 net.
The Fifteenth Financial and Economic Annual of Japan, 1915. Tokio: Government Printing Office.
Western States Water Conference. Call, Resolutions and Official Proceedings. Portland, Ore.: G. G. Chapman.
Zueblin, C. American Municipal Progress. New and revised edition. Macmillan. $2 net.

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